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The Double Strand of Leadership

A MOMENTARY gasp of surprise, followed by the almost unprecedented ovation of cheering with which the delegates to the Labour Conference greeted Mr. Bevan's election to the treasurership, indicated the relief with which they received the result. Mr. Bevan won his battle the hard way. None of his rivals or opponents conceded him anything. He won against the bloc vote of the general workers' unions. He won against the gerrymander of the A.E.U. He won against the legacy of his past mistakes. He was elected without the help of many of the propagandists who, two years ago, were standing at his side. He was elected against formidable odds—and because he won the support of at least 90 per cent. of the constituency parties.

His victory has been greeted with such relief by almost all the active party workers because it offers a chance of unity which the Labour Party has not known since 1950. The election of Mr. Brown would have been a disaster. His presence in the treasurer's chair would have concentrated the party leadership into the hands of a small group on the extreme right, and would have flouted the wishes of an overwhelming majority of the individual party members. That way there could have been no unity except by surrender. It was not Mr. Bevan alone, but almost the whole rank-and-file of the party, who refused to make that surrender.

Indeed the mistake which the trade unions have made in recent years—and particularly the two general workers' unions under the influence of Sir Tom Williamson and the late Mr. Arthur Deakin—is to seek to impose upon a party which has always been a coalition of the romantic and the cautious, the idealist and the pragmatic, the monolithic unity of their own fossilised attitude towards reform.

Under the sensible influence of Mr. Frank Cousins, the new General Secretary, of the Transport and General Workers Union, the power of these two giant unions is unlikely in the future to be used in the same way. Mr. Brown, it is true, did on this occasion secure the support of the T. & G.W.U. (of which he is himself a member); but it is largely the realisation that the political direction of this union is shifting to the left which has inspired the rank-and-file of the party to believe that working unity can, after all, be achieved under Mr. Gaitskell's leadership.

The lesson of all this is clear enough; and Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan must both mark it well. Successful leadership in the Labour Party has always been leadership in which the two strands of left and right have been twisted together. The party is today determined that the leadership shall not fall into the hands of any exclusive group, whatever its political colour or personal connections. Mr. Bevan's triumph after years of hardship and comparative failure stems, paradoxically, from Mr. Gaitskell's accession to the leadership: Mr. Gaitskell, if he plays his cards well, will be the stronger—and will lead a stronger party—for having Mr. Bevan at his side.

For six years the two men have fought one another and given no quarter. Each has now secured as much of his objectives as the party is prepared to allow him. Mr. Gaitskell has the leadership—but not on his own terms. Mr. Bevan has succeeded in shifting the party's centre of gravity to the left and breaking the monopoly power of the union bloc vote; but he is not, as he might have been, the leader. If both these brilliant men will now realise that the party depends on their collaboration, first to lead it to victory at the next election—a consummation which is by no means assured—and then to lead it on from electoral victory to begin the construction of a Socialist Britain, the conference of 1956 will be remembered—like those of 1935 and 1945—as an historically important turning point in the party's fortunes.

Comments on the Week's News

Force Counterforce

We are not much interested in elaborate British proofs that the Grivas diaries are authentic; obviously if they were forgeries, signatures would be identical and plenty of other points of authentication would have been included. But there seems no reason to doubt that they are genuine; stranger diaries have been written by terrorist leaders anxious to justify themselves with posterity. There are long gaps in the diaries. But they show that Grivas was hard pressed in the summer of 1955, that he found difficulty in recruiting gunmen and that terrorist activities are unpopular with many Cypriots. As leader of a Fascist movement he is much concerned about the competition of the now silent Communists—a point to be remembered, since if Eoka is crushed we must expect the running then to be taken up by the probably much more popular Cypriot Communists. The diaries implicate Makarios as privy to terrorism—which is no surprise. Since no more moderate leader is in sight, it would be useful to know what alternative other than negotiations with Makarios the government has in mind. De Valera and many other of the rulers of peaceful Ireland for the last generation were also privy to violence. So far British policy has not succeeded in crushing terrorism. The record of the last week has been even worse than usual and Sir John Harding has had recourse to the extraordinary remedy of imposing a daylight curfew on all residents in the capital of the island. (One result has been that Cypriot newspapers have been suspended because their staff could not reach their offices.) A surprising factor in the situation is that Eoka, whose murderous technique is similar to that of resistance movements encouraged by us in the war against our enemies in Europe, has managed to survive so successfully in a small area and in spite of Britain's overwhelming force on the island. It may be that Sir John can in time fulfil his promise to suppress Eoka. There is no evidence that, even if the organisation were destroyed, the outrages would end or that we should be one step nearer to solving the constitutional riddle.

Tito's Little Trip

The details of the Krushchev-Tito talks are not yet clear. What seems certain is that some serious problem has arisen over Yugoslavia's relations with the other eastern European countries—especially Hungary. That much is obvious from the presence at Yalta of Erno Gerö, First Secretary of the Hungarian Party. Tito's continued advocacy of the reinstatement in the party of Imry Nagy, the demoted Hungarian ex-Premier, has undoubtedly proved an embarrassment to Gerö—and scarcely less so to the Russians, who insisted on Gerö's appointment last July as a compromise between the arch-Stalinist Rakosi and the relatively liberal Nagy. But the discussions at Yalta have gone much further than Tito's relations with Gerö. A letter recently circulated to the satellite Communist parties stated in terms that the Yugoslav party was not to be classed as fully Marxist-Leninist and was thus not an example to be followed. That such a letter, at first kept secret from the Yugoslavs, should have roused Tito's anger and suspicion goes without saying. Tito is taking considerable risks in walking his East-West tightrope and is understandably sensitive to what could be described as "Stalinist" intrigues against him. But even this may not be the full story. There is some indication that the whole idea of "polycentric leadership," the acceptance of which was the corollary of Tito's return to the Communist fold, is now under fire inside the Soviet leadership, not only from those who may broadly be described as Stalinist in their tendencies (Molotov, Suslov, Malenkov, and Kaganovitch are probably examples), but also from the army, which is thought to be seriously concerned about the military commitment with which it may be saddled if democratisation on, for instance, the Polish model goes much further. The tough line which Bulganin and Zhukov took on their visit to Warsaw after the Poznan riots—a sharp contrast with the continued moderation of the Polish authorities—is some confirmation that the Red Army feels uncomfortable about the present situation. If this is true and if, as some reliable sources suggest, a resolution highly critical of the present line on Tito and the doctrine of polycentric leadership was recently carried in the Soviet Central Committee, the position of Krushchev himself must be slightly uncomfortable. In that case his conversations with Tito may have been concerned not only with conveying to him the uneasiness of the Soviet Central Committee, but with inviting his co-operation in helping the Krushchev group out of a hole.

Kenya's Election

The European election in Kenya has been fought on the Lyttelton constitution. The "Blundellites" supported it, though assuring the electorate that no more concessions to the Non-Europeans would be made in the foreseeable future; the "Briggsites" objected to reserving ministerial posts for particular races; the "Federalites" opposed the whole constitution and would divide Kenya racially on apartheid lines. In the event Mr. Blundell has retained enough support to continue his policy, though he has lost one minister, Mr. Wellwood. Perhaps more important than the election results is the effect of the election on Kenya society. The folly of trying to combine communal elections with a ministerial system is now fully exposed. The elected members, led by Michael Blundell, are supposed to have been operating a multi-racial ministerial system with Africans and Asians for two and a half years. These same members have now had to solicit the support of their European electors. Inevitably their multi-racial sentiments were largely put aside in the scramble for white votes. Next year the first African elections will be held. What the European politicians do not seem to realise is that this must be the beginning of a series of African demands for increased representation in proportion to their population. The Europeans cannot resist such demands for ever. To take this intransigent attitude now is to provoke racial conflict. If they had any imagination, or read some history, they would realise that the only safeguard for their interests as a minority is to identify themselves with African progress and, at the same time, to develop the ideas of a common electoral roll. Only that way could liberal Europeans secure election by appealing to the moderates of all races.

Behind the Princess's Back

An uneasy political truce has been maintained during Princess Margaret's visit to Mauritius, but it cannot conceal the serious constitutional crisis in the island. The trouble has been brewing for 12 months, since the Colonial Secretary tried to foist proportional representation on the Mauritius Labour Party delegation which visited London last year. Most of the members of the Labour Party are Hindu Indians—there are 300,000 Hindus in the island population of 500,000. These naturally resent an electoral plan which is designed to secure special representation for the Moslem, Chinese and French minorities and to avoid government by the majority party. The Labour Party has deliberately set out to introduce inter-racialism and break through communal differences. It believes that the Colonial Office plan is designed to protect the French sugar plantation oligarchy against Labour rule. Now, therefore, its 16 members of the Legislative Council—a majority of elected members—have walked out and declared a boycott of the Council. Yet again the Colonial Office is faced with either accepting majority rule or imposing a government against majority wishes—with all its attendant dangers.

Foundations of Atomic Power

Tenders for the first two civil atomic power stations—Bradwell-on-Sea, Essex, and Berkeley, on the Severn—have been received this week by the Central Electricity Authority, from four engineering combines. Each consortium consists of firms with which the Atomic Energy Authority has agreed to co-operate. Huge crates of documents were delivered to Lord Citrine, including the security dossiers of those engaged on the preparation of the estimates. Although the award of the contracts is still some way off, enough is already known to be able to say that whichever tenders are accepted the installations will be a big advance on Calder Hall, the Atomic Energy Authority station in Cumberland. Apart from the fact that, unlike the C.E.A. stations, Calder Hall is para-military—producing plutonium for weapons with surplus electricity going into the national grid—the engineers have made surprising progress in design. It is estimated that the output will be "two to three times" greater. This does not represent any new scientific principle; it is a triumph for British civil engineering; by producing bigger and stronger pressure chambers and by allowing the uranium "furnace" to develop greater heat, they have multiplied the kilowatt capacity. This means that items of construction and generating equipment will cost more to carry the load. But once the capital outlay has been met, the uranium fuel costs will be far less than those of coal. The estimates represent two years' work and have involved hundreds of atom-physicists and atom-engineers. Two of the combines are going to be unlucky, although one of them may get the order which is to be placed by the South of Scotland Electricity Authority. But they regard the "exercise" as training of teams for the four further stations for which tenders will be invited in the next few months.

Britain and the Free Trade Area

Britain's relations with the projected "Common Market" and "Free Trade Area" in western Europe are still undecided. Indeed, these projects themselves have not yet taken a definite shape: most of us know very little about them except that the "Common Market" is understood to involve not only free trade within the six-country area for the products of the six, but also a common tariff against other countries, and the Free Trade Area is not to involve free trade in primary products, but only in manufactured goods. There is no question of Great Britain's being a full member of the "Common Market" group: the main question seems to be that of a possible association, in terms still undefined, with the "Free Trade Area." It was presumably on this matter that Mr. Macmillan consulted the Commonwealth Finance Ministers last week-end. With primary products excluded, very few of our existing preferences for Commonwealth products would be affected: the question is how the Commonwealth would react to preferences given to our manufactured goods. If the projected Free Trade Area comes into being and we stay out, we evidently stand to lose a proportion of our exports to western Europe: if we come in, British manufacturers will have to face competition in their home market from which they have been sheltered almost completely for a long time past. But apart from such calculation of possible gains and losses, it is obviously sensible for European countries to join together so as to establish a larger free market for their goods and to be able to coordinate investment policies. As against this, it is surely undesirable for western Europe to adopt forms of economic unification that would cut it off even further from markets in the East, and most undesirable of all for Germany to be cut in half by a new tariff wall, built up as part of the cold war strategy of the West.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Mr. Dulles Marks Time

Norman MacKenzie writes from Washington: "The primary task of the U.N.", C. L. Sulzberger wrote in the *New York Times* last Saturday, is to discover "a practicable formula saving face on both sides of an embarrassing argument". That is what Mr. Dulles wants from the Security Council, and to get it he can suggest a variety of devices—a committee of mediation excluding Egypt, France and Britain, a negotiating committee including all three, or even the appointment of a U.N. arbitrator. Before the debate began, no one could be quite sure which of these devices Mr. Dulles would choose. It is doubtful, in fact, whether he had himself made up his mind at the beginning of this week.

The one point on which there is general agreement here, however, is that Mr. Dulles will not let this become a shooting war if he can possibly help it, and that he will do everything possible to keep the discussions moving until after the November elections. At the moment, the electorate is uninterested in Suez, and the Secretary of State has no desire to stir up public opinion. On the evening of Sunday, September 23, Mr. Dulles appeared in the TV programme "Meet The Press" and managed to convey two politically useful impressions: first, that the British and French were facing a very serious problem over Suez, and that in this they had the full sympathy of the U.S.; and, secondly, that without the diplomatic skill and experience of Mr. Dulles, America's allies would not have been guided into the path of reasonable negotiation.

Yet this is only half the story. Mr. Dulles may have restrained the hotheads in London and Paris. But this enterprise taxed his skill far more than he revealed to the inquiring journalists he met on the television programme. For Mr. Dulles is running two conflicting policies. He has to prevent this crisis weakening, and perhaps disrupting, the western alliance, and so he has to give "restrained" encouragement to Britain and France. On the other hand, he has no desire to anger the Arab world more than necessary. At some point, he believes, the U.S. has to do business with Nasser, and with Nasser's neighbours. Why imperil American interests in the Middle East by a show of force from which the U.S. has nothing to gain—and, possibly, a great deal to lose?

This willingness to appease the Arabs—but to define the limits of U.S. "patience"—is greatly strengthened by the pressure of the oil interests, which know how much they have to lose by a war on the Indo-China or Algerian models (a point Mr. Dulles made forcibly on TV), and how much they have to gain by a weakening of Anglo-French influence in the Middle East. This crisis, in their view, is simply the continuation of the oil and power struggle which has been waged bitterly but covertly for years, and they see no reason to desire a dramatic reversal of American policy simply because the struggle has now become more complicated and has reached the point of crisis.

On the contrary, they have much to gain. The U.S. had no stake in the Canal under the old arrangements, for it was not a signatory to the 1888 Convention. Now Mr. Dulles is consulted as an equal in western discussions about the Canal, and the U.S. is bound to be a party to any final settlement. They therefore see this crisis as following the Persian pattern, where nationalisation first squeezed out the British; where international pressure forced the Persians to accept negotiation; and where the new agreement gave U.S. oil interests a stake in the consortium equal to that allotted to the British. The Abadan crisis ended British supremacy in Persia, and transferred part of the traditional British interest to the U.S. There is no reason why the Canal crisis should not take much the same course.

Oxford

Slaughter in the Meadows

Just three weeks ago, a farmer on the Oxford and Bucks border saw that one of his heifers was off colour. She would not get up, even when prodded, and there was some trace of foam round her mouth. The local vet forced the heifer to rise, saw that she limped when she tried to walk and found blisters on her feet and tongue. Within ten minutes he had warned the Ministry of Agriculture that, for the first time in 20 years, there was foot-and-mouth disease in the area; and, within 24 hours, every cloven-footed animal on the farm, the sheep, the prize dairy herd, even the pet dogs, had been destroyed. All movement of animals in the area were banned; 17 Ministry of Agriculture vets, summoned from other work in various parts of the country, were quartered in John Fothergill's old Spreadeagle, at Thame, to make daily inspections; the Thame cattle market was closed indefinitely—and the afflicted farmer, so I hear, took to his unfeathered bed.

NEXT WEEK

Profile of Viscount Hailsham

with caricature by VICKY

A Canadian Notebook

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

This outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, the worst in England for some years, had in fact begun in the Forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, where, it was believed, some meat imported from the continent had infected one farm. The virus had then spread to other farms, possibly on the feet of blackberry or mushroom pickers, possibly on the wheels of motor cars, possibly by cows rubbing noses across a hedge, by dogs or foxes crossing the fields or even by birds flying from one farm to another. Within two days, the virus had appeared in Hereford and then suddenly in far-away Derbyshire, as if carried by the wind. Next it was back south in Wiltshire and now it was in Buckinghamshire with all the farmers nailing Keep Out notices on their gates, chaining their dogs, forcing every visitor to put his feet in disinfectant before entering the farm and themselves waiting with stony faces for the vets.

When the vet arrived at one farm, the farmer was milking his attested herd. The whole herd was clear. "Is this all the stock you have?" asked the vet. The farmer had some beef cattle, separated from the rest of the farm, in a field three-quarters of a mile away. The vet found that two of these had badly swollen tongues. "When did you last look at these?" he asked. "I was here this morning." "Then I'm afraid the whole lot must go—the beef *and* the dairy herd." "But my dairy herd are clear. You said so yourself. And they haven't been in contact with the beef cattle." "But you have. You were down here this morning, you said, and when I met you this afternoon you were milking. I'm afraid the lot must go." The farmer could have refused to let his dairy herd be killed, since all at the moment were clear. But if, after his refusal, one of them had been infected, he would have been denied compensation for any of the animals slaughtered on his farm.

This is a ruthless business. Whole herds, though they show no sign of the disease, are slaughtered, including calves not an hour old, including cows so near to calving that they cannot move unaided into the hastily thrown-up wooden slaughter pens. They are slaughtered, piled into deep pits and left to rot under thick coverings of soil and lime. Continental authorities are less ruthless. They treat, rather than slaughter, with the result that the virus has taken root. It is endemic. But in Britain, because of the slaughter, the disease is not passed on in the blood. Its outbreaks are accidental and can be confined.

The farmers know this. They know, too, that the Ministry, when it comes to compensation, will pay unquestioningly the generous prices suggested by the local valuer. Indeed, for some farmers an outbreak is not necessarily a tragedy. One of my neighbours fattens beef cattle for market. He has lost the lot—but has been compensated at higher than market price and will be able to restock with better quality 21 days after the area has been declared free of infection. But this is the exception. Though he gets compensation for the animals slaughtered, the dairy farmer gets no allowance for the fact that some of his slaughtered cows may be in calf, nor for his milk contract, which may be worth £1,000 a month and which he will not be able to renew, even when the area is declared free of infection, until he can build up a new herd. The sheep breeder may not be able to begin the rebuilding of his flocks for many months since at this time of the year few people are willing to sell him ewes, except at an exorbitant price. Worst of all, the breeder, whether of cattle, of sheep, of pigs or of goats, who by selection and careful buying through the years has developed high quality stock, may not have enough of life left to him ever again to reach the peak from which he has been toppled by a day's work of one virus.

This outbreak is not a national tragedy. So far, out of eight million head of cattle in England, only some ten thousand have been slaughtered. But where the disease strikes it leaves scars which may not heal. Whenever we in my part of Buckinghamshire hear an excavator at work again, we shall remember that September Sunday when it droned all day long, digging deep pits in the neighbouring fields. We shall remember how one farmer refused to have a pit dug on his own land for his untouched but condemned prize herd —"I'd see it every day for the rest of my life and be reminded," he said—how, when his men could not bear to take any part in it, Ministry officials themselves agreed to drive the herd a few yards up the road, with the great bull proudly leading, to another pit, how they needed four separate shots with the humane killer to bring that bull to his knees in the pen where some of his cows were kicking and gasping their last seconds away. We shall remember an old farmer, with all that had been his life buried in soil and lime, being "struck silly" and calling for his already slaughtered dog.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

How to Settle with Nasser

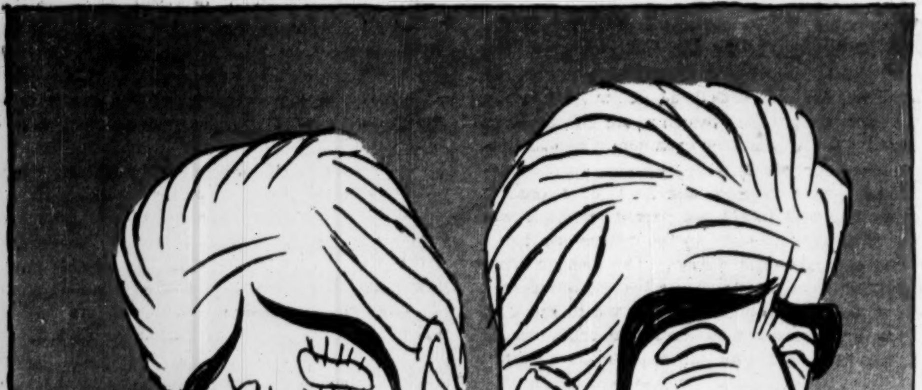
"IF we let the temperature drop a little," said Mr. Gaitskell earlier this week, "Colonel Nasser will agree to a negotiated settlement." And a little later: "It is precisely because we have a very good case that the argument for a settlement of this matter peacefully is so overwhelmingly strong." Just so. And if the peaceful settlement is to be "negotiated" as Mr. Gaitskell suggests, it follows that both sides will have to concede, in the process of negotiation, some of the less essential elements in their respective strong cases. It might, therefore, be worth considering, as the U.N. begins its deliberations, just how far it is possible to reconcile the essential objectives of the two sides.

So far, the British and French have been more anxious to widen the gap than to narrow it. But, in essence, their legitimate case rests on securing the best possible guarantees of free passage, efficient maintenance, and development of the Canal in accordance with the planned needs of the users. What is not essential to those needs is the proposition, constantly invoked in recent weeks as a political-warfare gambit, that the Canal cannot be permitted to depend upon "the transient impulses of a single military dictator." It is, of course, true that the Suez Canal—like other narrow waterways of international importance—ought to be internationalised. This is a solution which the British and French could have imposed, without opposition from Egypt, at any time in the years gone by: it is a solution which we hope will one day be accepted by all the powers, including Egypt, which exercise sovereign rights over these vital waterways. But, if it is not to be imposed by force—and we assume it is not, despite the implied renewal of the threat in Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's remarks when he landed in New York on Tuesday—it is evidently not practical politics at this moment in the case of Suez.

Moreover, when the British government, quite rightly, signed the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1951 and conceded the evacuation of British troops, it in effect signed over the security of the Canal to Colonel Nasser. At any time since the final British units left Suez last June, he could have closed the swing bridge at Kantara, or otherwise interfered with the passage of the Canal, and nothing but armed force could have compelled him to desist. He has not, of course, done so. But the nationalisation of the Company makes the Canal little or no more vulnerable to the "transient impulses of a single man" than did the 1951 treaty—which was personally sponsored by Sir Anthony Eden.

The genuine interests of Britain and France as users of the Canal are best safeguarded in a new convention, subject in the last resort to United Nations guarantee. But what of Nasser? Are his essential interests incompatible with such a solution? We believe not. We have never taken seriously his brash and ill-considered statement, made in the heat of the moment and since withdrawn, that he would finance the Aswan Dam out of the profits of the Canal. His real interest and, as far as one may hazard a forecast, his real intention is to develop the Canal as fully as possible as Egypt's greatest commercial asset. To do that, it is not sufficient merely to maintain a pilot force and keep the Canal unblocked. Ocean-going transport is a highly complex industry, the operation of which is necessarily subject to detailed forward planning. Thus, if Nasser is to make the most of the Canal, he must come to terms with the users and restore the confidence of the shipping companies that he can and will operate it in accordance with their needs.

That much is Nasser's clear self interest. But, of course, he is not alone in feeling the need to come to some accommodation with the western powers. Nasser is very much dependent at present on the support of the other Arab states. He can count on this only so long as he can present himself as the champion of the Arab ruling class in its campaign to free itself from French and British imperial control. In nationalising the Suez Company—as in driving the British Army from Suez and supporting the Algerians in their war with France—he exactly fulfils this role. But in bringing in the Russians and the Peoples' Democracies to help him, he arouses the grave suspicion of the other Arab rulers, who are prepared to support the nationalist movement as a means of fending off social revolution not of fermenting it. At last month's meeting between the Arab big three, doubts about Nasser's relations with the eastern world were certainly expressed and he was urged to call a halt to his growing dependence on Communist aid. Thus the need to preserve the solidarity of the Arab bloc (which is for the first time a real factor in Middle East power politics) is a further strong incentive to him to seek agreement.



"If I DO lose face, I've always got this one."

It seems then that the basic interests of the various parties to the Suez dispute are not incompatible. Nasser would be well advised to recognise and negotiate with the Suez Canal Users' Association—which might become a more effective body for negotiation if representatives of the oil-producing Arab countries were added to it. The broad object of negotiation must be a new convention, which must guarantee free passage as well as providing effective means for the users of the Canal to secure their needs from the Egyptian board of management. That means more than consultation. If the necessary confidence in the administration of the Canal is to be restored, there must be some provision for independent arbitration in the event of policy disagreement between the parties. We suggest that S.C.U.A. should immediately form a technical and planning committee; that the Egyptian Canal Board should undertake to consult formally with this committee at regular intervals—say, four times a year—on general administration, dues, and development, while maintaining informal contact at all times; that, in the event of formal disagreement between S.C.U.A. and the Board, both sides should bind themselves to accept the findings of a U.N. arbitrator.

Such an outline solution leaves in the air the problem of Israeli rights of passage, which are illegally, if understandably, interrupted while the Egyptians persist in their claim that a state of war exists between the two countries. To end the discrimination against Israel must, of course, remain an important objective in British Middle East policy. Nevertheless, the need to find a solution to the immediate problem caused by Nasser's act of nationalisation is urgent, and the western powers might reasonably conclude that the issue of Israel should be dealt with separately and later. It cannot in any event be finally solved except by U.N. action to end the "state of war"; and support in the General Assembly for effective moves in this direction is far more likely if the western powers have demonstrated their willingness to come to reasonable terms with Arab nationalism.

A solution on the lines suggested above would certainly meet that requirement in the eyes of the uncommitted world. Indeed, such a settlement, accepted by all the parties to the present dispute and endorsed by the General Assembly, would be the most effective way of safeguarding the rights of the user nations, while fully acknowledging Egyptian sovereignty. There is no reason to think that Nasser would not be prepared to strike a bargain on some such terms—indeed, reports reaching us from trustworthy Arab sources suggest that this is the sort of solution to which his more moderate advisers are looking. If the present dispute is not to drag on for ever, while Sir Anthony Eden and M. Mollet attempt to save their faces, had we not better try it.

The New Revisionist

When I was young I was taken for a walk by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb.

"Sidney and I," she began, "find that successive generations of young Socialists arrive on the political scene first to the left and then to the right of us, in alternation as it were. Now where—we shall take the little path by the wood, towards Liphook—now where, Mr. Strachey, are you?"

Abashed, confused, fresh from Eton and supposing that the Labour Party was one homogeneous mass of revolutionary glamour, I had no answer. But now that I am, well, not so young, I see what the Queen Victoria and Prince Consort of the British Labour movement meant. It is by no means true that our juniors are invariably ardent political Hotspurs; sometimes, on the contrary, they are almost unnaturally sober, mature, Whigish, in temperament. Mr. Anthony Crosland has been long a leading spokesman of this latter tendency. And in his new book,* he gives us a considered account of his political outlook.

The first thing to say about the book is that it is very good indeed. It is long (530 pages), within its chosen field exhaustive, written with a professional economic, political and sociological equipment, and illuminated by touches of wit; the product of a cultivated and humane intelligence. It is a major work and no-one must in future take part in the current and, I trust, growing and continuing controversy on Socialism without having read it. Having said that, I shall use the remainder of this article to discuss the main issue on which I profoundly disagree with Mr. Crosland. To concentrate on this issue will inevitably do the book some injustice. For whole chapters of it are concerned with other aspects of Socialism on which Mr. Crosland has many valuable and important things to say. For example, his Part Four, entitled "The Search For Equality" will be considered by many readers the most interesting part of the work: for in it Mr. Crosland makes far reaching proposals, not only in the field of education, but also, as we shall see, in the actual distribution of income and property, for the reform of British society, which he considers the most class-ridden in the world.

I agree heartily with all this. Indeed, one way of stating my main disagreement with the book as a whole is to say that this equalitarian part of it and Mr. Crosland's basic socio-economic analysis simply do not hang together. For his main analytical conclusion is that the ownership of the means of production no longer matters; just like that. This remarkable view is expressed in reiterated statements throughout the book. It is first formulated in Section IV of Chapter III entitled "The Growing Irrelevance Of The Ownership Of The Means Of Production." In this Section it is suggested that almost any pattern of ownership of the means of production is compatible with almost any degree of equalisation in the distribution of income, and more remarkable still, with almost any degree of equalisation in the distribution of capital (pp. 72, 73). Not only so, but the question of who owns the means of production has little to do, we are told, with most of the other major issues of society: it is largely irrelevant to the status of the worker, to freedom and democracy, to class stratification, to planning, to the degree of exploitation. In a word it could hardly matter less ("the definition of capitalism in terms of ownership . . . has wholly lost its significance and interest . . ." p. 75). Again, the same point is put the other way round on p. 475. "A higher working-class standard of living, more effective joint consultations, better labour relations, a proper use of economic resources, a wider diffusion of power, a greater degree of co-operation, or more social and economic equality—none of these now primarily require a large-scale change of ownership for their fulfilment." All this is made the theoretical background for a forthright attack on nationalisation as a major part of future Labour programmes.

This conclusion will seem all the more remarkable when we read, in Part IV, Mr. Crosland's above mentioned case for greater equality. For it is not too much to say that his specifically economic proposal for realising greater equality consists in (a) transferring the unearned income, derived from the ownership of the means of production, from its present recipients to the community and (b) of gradually transferring actual ownership itself, not, it is true, by the despised process of nationalisation, but by an ingenious set of taxes on capital. (A gift tax, a drastic stiffening of death duties, to be payable in kind, severe taxes on distributed profits, a capital gains tax and (possibly) a small annual capital tax are proposed.)

I applaud. But if the question of who owns the means of production is so insignificant what is the point of this vast fiscal apparatus, first, for undoing the consequences in terms of income distribution of private ownership, and then of progressively ending that ownership itself?

The intelligent Conservative critic will hardly fail to see that the real political conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Crosland's premise is a sort of Butlerian Conservatism, in which the present economy (Mr. Crosland refuses to call it capitalism) is left alone to double our standard of life in 25 years. In a word, Mr. Crosland's sincere equalitarianism is quite inconsistent with his economic analysis. Moreover the fact—and Mr. Crosland emphasises that it *is* a fact—that the legal owners of the decisive part of the means of production, namely the million and a quarter owners of ordinary shares in public companies, are now totally functionless, is, for Mr. Crosland, a proof, not that their property ought to be Socialised (by one means or another) but that the whole issue no longer matters—because after all the owners do not get away with very much. But if so, why this whole gigantic fiscal apparatus for reclaiming by taxation a part of what they do get away with?

Surely a time will come when the British wage-earners will ask the simple question why in the name of fortune—of their fortune—pay the functionless owners their money in the first place? When that happens we shall see whether the ownership of the means of production is a matter of indifference, at any rate to the owners. Then will be the time for Mr. Crosland to explain the triviality of the whole issue, not to his fellow Socialists, but to the million and a quarter holders of ordinary shares and to their colleagues, the large-scale recipients of interest and rent. When *they* begin to show that they could not care less whether they retain the source of their unearned incomes or not, I shall be convinced.

Meanwhile, I shall continue to believe that the ownership of the means of production is the most important single, though certainly not the sole, determinant of the structure of society. I shall continue to believe that the social ownership of the decisive part of the means of production is the only permanent basis for a Socialist, classless society.

But how much, it may be asked, does all this matter in practice? In the long run it matters overwhelmingly. If Socialists lose sight of the central importance of the ownership of the means of production, they will cease, in a very real sense, to be Socialists at all: they will subside into the role of well-intentioned, amiable, rootless, drifting, social reformers.

Nevertheless, I would agree that the extent to which this issue will prove central at any given moment, cannot be foreseen. Neither I nor anyone else can say in advance whether the next British Labour government, for instance, will be in a position to make long, direct strides in the extension of social ownership. Mr. Crosland believes that the improvement in the British economy, and British society generally, since 1939 has been so great that the wage earners do not, yet, wish to go decisively further. I will not deny that there is evidence of this. And, of course, it is what the mass of the British wage-earners want, not what Mr. Crosland or I or any other individual wants, that matters. Therefore, our differences of social analysis and diagnosis might not necessarily make me disagree with the fiscal measures that Mr. Crosland suggests as part of the programme of the next Labour government. But if so, this is only because his re-distributive proposals (plus his recognition of the absolute necessity of re-nationalising steel) and above all his proposals for the transfer of actual property to the community, betray the fact that in practice he *does* realise that the ownership of the means of production matters very much. Thus this issue, absolutely central as it is, may prove something which Socialist writers and thinkers should and must thrash out, rather than something on which the members of the next Labour government will be called upon to differ.

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* *The Future of Socialism.* C. A. R. CROSLAND. *Cape.* 42s.

There is something wider and deeper at issue between us, however. Even if events should so develop that Mr. Crosland's specific proposals prove—as I think they well may—an appropriate part, at least, of the programme of a future Labour government, I should still misdoubt the assumption—"the inarticulate major premise" as Laski used to say—on which he makes them. To be curt, the book, for all the dazzle of its sophistication, seems to me to suffer from the two besetting sins of the British Socialist tradition. It is complacent and it is parochial.

It is complacent because it assumes as certain a sort of smooth, smiling, easy, transition into a kind of Swedo-American community. Now I say not a word against becoming a super-Sweden. And no doubt this is what will happen, if nothing interferes. But will nothing interfere? Let us hope and pray that Mr. Crosland is right. But will everyone, everywhere, accept the democratic verdict as it gradually but inexorably, extinguishes the whole, and still vast, edifice of class privilege? Will they abstain not only from physical force, but from the formidable economic sanctions at their disposal? There is significantly no hint in all Mr. Crosland's 530 pages that there might even conceivably be any difficulties of this kind.

And the book is parochial because it casts no glance outside our cosy island on to the great, fierce, untutored, un-Fabianised world beyond. No doubt Mr. Crosland would retort that he expressly excluded anything but the most strictly internal affairs from his scope. But in so doing does he not fall into the old Fabian error of supposing that some rigid line can be drawn between home and foreign affairs: that the roaring tides of the world will never wash over our white cliffs?

Mr. Crosland sets out to be a new revisionist. He uses the word himself; and, of course, he is right that Socialist doctrine must be subjected to a constant process of revision. But history has not proved that every revisionist was right. Fifty years ago, Edward Bernstein, the original revisionist, thought very much as Mr. Crosland thinks today. At the turn of the century Bernstein too was convinced that our real troubles were all over: that capitalism was over its awkward age, that production and the standard of life were going up and up: that now everything could go forward sensibly and gradually. And it would be argued that Bernstein might have been right, but for the outbreak of two world wars—wars which were foreseen in the antithetical prognosis of Lenin. And the fact that Lenin has also proved to have been wrong does not excuse us from taking warning from Bernstein's hopelessly premature optimism. Today, in the Fifties, Mr. Crosland tells us that the glass of politics reads "set fair." If he is right, then nothing matters very much: if he is wrong, his book may lull us into neglecting precautions which could avert catastrophe.

Why, it may be asked, if Mr. Crosland's book has this fundamental defect of attitude, do I nevertheless urgently recommend it to the attention of every Socialist? The answer is that it is an honest, searching attempt to bring some, at least, of the basic problems which confront us into full consciousness. And that is all that really matters. It is probable that neither Mr. Crosland nor I nor anyone else is right about these immensely difficult and important questions. It is, therefore, only out of controversy that any true insight can emerge. Let the debate continue.

JOHN STRACHEY

London Diary

SOMEDAY somebody will publish a best-selling "Diary of a Bolshoi Dancer." She will record the excitements, hesitations, delays and hopes and fears about the coming trip to London; the indignation she and her friends will have felt (accompanied perhaps by some doubts) about the Nina Ponomareva story handed out to them; the orders first to unpack and then to pack; the confident journey to London, only to find that they have not reached London but an American air-base, with no welcoming Russian faces, no admiring crowd, only drizzle and glum-looking G.I.s with guns standing about the place. What a terrible confirmation of their worst fears! So England really is occupied by Americans? And under the excuse of bad weather the Russians have been passed into the hands of their enemies! Then the long hours of waiting in the plane for Soviet officials; no, certainly they would not disembark until they were reassured by the arrival of friends from the Soviet Embassy. Then there was only one ladder . . . Will it be like that? Or perhaps this will never be written; because of the actual friendliness of the British public, its glowing welcome and, one hopes, the gradual discovery that the rain and the muddle on their arrival were nothing but accidents which could have happened even in the best regulated—Communist—country.

* * *

The next part of the diary will obviously partly depend on what happens to Nina. Last week (writing as weekly papers must sometimes do, just before the news that the Bolshoi Ballet had decided to come after all) this journal urged that any "bargain" such as the Russians were suggesting—to exchange Nina for the Ballet—was quite impossible, but that, when that matter was disposed of, a way would have to be found of releasing Nina. (The only people who thought the bargain possible were papers like the *Daily Express* and *Daily Mail*.) Our comment is still good today. The Russians saw sense and withdrew their threat, and we are back where we were with the problem of Nina. She cannot be kept in the Soviet Embassy until she is too old to throw a discus. What a pity she is the wrong shape for a ballet dancer!

* * *

Benn Levy, playwright, ex-M.P. and Chelsea delegate to Blackpool, is one of the people who should be most pleased with this week's Conference. It was he who in this journal first powerfully exposed the full implication of the Lang case, and he who organised a working committee to devise practical proposals for preventing the spread of "McCarthyism" in this country. The result is a most useful pamphlet called *The Secret Police and You*, published c/o Stanley Mayne, Queen Anne's Chambers, 28, Broadway, London, S.W.1, with a sponsoring Foreword jointly signed by the editors of the *Spectator* and the *N.S. & N.* Levy's speech was greeted with great approval by the Conference. There must have been many there who, for the first time, as a result of his speech and of the pamphlet, realised how possible it is for honest people, as he said, to be robbed of their livelihood and reputation because of "secret charges, secretly referred, by secret policemen on the secret evidence of secret informers."

* * *

Recent outbreaks of Mafia killings in Sicily have reached the point at which the Italian parliament has again been discussing emergency measures for the island as it did in the days first of Crispi and then of Mussolini. More than a dozen people, a correspondent tells me, have been murdered, most of them Mafia leaders, and a hundred "Mafiosi" have been exiled on the island of Ustica. The present gang war has arisen over the control of the Palermo fruit market. Somebody lowered the prices of oranges and lemons and consequently 14 people died. The Mafia was first legalised in 1866 by the King's Prefect, the Marquis De Rudini, who invited owners to employ private guards to protect their lands. They have been terrorising the island more or less continuously ever since. Sometimes they murder well-known public figures like the Socialist trade union leader Salvatore Carnevale a few years ago. In no case, I believe, have the relatives of the victims been known to talk. It is said that they dare not even cry at funerals. The Mafia seem to have no social or political purpose, though their leader, Don Calogero, the mayor of Villalba, and his followers, greeted the American troops in the last war with cries of "Viva l'America," "Viva la deliquenza!" At Villalba the only politicians allowed to speak were those belonging to the separatist movement because the Mafia at that time wanted Sicily to become the 49th State. Progressive Italians hold that the only way of getting rid of the Mafia is to end the semi-feudal conditions of the island. The Mafia is a relic which would disappear if the peasants were given the land and Sicily allowed to have its share of industrial life.

* * *

Those who surround our Royal Family really get more and more ridiculous. The press gives us photographs of the gay Princess (the column next to this in the *Daily Express* was headed, I assume accidentally, "Britain's Most Fragile Baby"), we learn that Mauritius is a paradise, and we hear of the Princess spending a happy untrammelled day on a remote beach. Everybody is pleased that the Princess is having a good time. Then we learn that the ordinary fisherfolk had to be asked to move to make way for the Princess and that she leaves the island with conventional phrases about the wonderful time she has had there, but without meeting any common people or discovering anything that she couldn't have learned from talking to a colonial official or reading a travel book. When the present young Queen came to the throne it was hoped that she and the Prince would get rid of a great deal of the rigid protocol of the Court. The public might be allowed to see them as human beings as the Scandinavians see their royalty. But no, even in the remoter parts of our far-flung empire, they have to be remote from common contacts—as they are in Balmoral or Sandringham, Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace.

I wonder how many readers of *The Times* spotted in its four book page columns last week the review of the Duchess of Windsor's memoirs? It was tucked away without headline at the bottom of a column and consisted of a four lines announcement that the book "carried the memoirs of the Duchess of Windsor from her childhood in Baltimore to the present day." Surely this is a remarkable sidelight on the way in which *The Times* works. In her book, the Duchess reveals how relentlessly she has been ostracised by the Royal Family. I don't suppose *The Times* needed any hint from any source as to the line it should take when the book came in for review. All the same, how very mean.

* * *

The following forecast from an American source illustrates the difficulty of gentlemanly electioneering in the present American election:—

> Gettysburg.—Death, as it must come to all men, came last night to Dwight D. Eisenhower. Press Secretary James C. Haggerty stated that this necessitated no change in plans for November, but rather enhanced the spiritual nature of the administration.
>
> Republican Chairman Leonard Hall commented that there is nothing in the Constitution which says that the President must be alive during his administration. And Attorney-General Brownell announced that the Constitution does not in any way bar a deceased President from re-election.
>
> Major General Howard M. Snyder, after performing the autopsy, declared that the President was in better organic condition than any other previous candidate for the Presidency.
>
> Vice-President Nixon interrupted his speech to the Saigon Chamber of Commerce to state that ileitis was an ailment common to all freedom loving people.

* * *

"I hate to think it," I heard somebody say last week after the Liberal Conference, "but I can't believe in this talk of a Liberal revival. No serious political party can possibly have as a leader anyone so absolutely honest and so intelligent as Joe Grimond". I could make no comment. Not even the jaundiced staff of this journal has anything but praise for him.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

An R.A.M.C. reservist, recalled seven weeks ago for the emergency, has done one cookhouse fatigue and one blackberry-picking expedition. Most of his time he spends playing juke-boxes in cafés.

When he complained about it he was sent to a psychiatrist as a "trouble-maker".—*News Chronicle*. (J. A. Thompson.)

Mr. F. Keating asked the committee not to be rushed into putting water on the tables. "To provide it would impose a terrific hardship on the teachers and staff," he said. "Besides, the children might throw it about."

The problem was sent to the school meals subcommittee.—*Manchester Guardian*. (J. E. Geffen.)

Formal etiquette is, of course, only a summary of "expected" behaviour in any recurrent circumstances, and cannot really exist in so unusual a situation as that you describe. In theory, a married woman has precedence over unmarried ones, and, if there is little difference in age between the three, and also (and this I consider important) the sister-in-law visits as often as the sisters, then I think that she would pour out. If, on the other hand, as seems likely, the two unmarried sisters visit their brother more frequently, then I would say that it is for the elder of them to do this, particularly if she should happen to be considerably older than the sister-in-law.—*The Lady*. (M. S. Slater.)

In for Life

ABOLITIONISTS admit that if and when they succeed in outlawing the death penalty, a few murderers may have to be imprisoned for the rest of their natural lives.

Which murderers? That, so far as one can see, will be a matter for administrative decision, and there is no guarantee how this decision will be made. It is possible that administrative authority will in certain cases bow to public pressure and hold men indefinitely, not because of their continuing dangerousness, but because of the shocking nature of the crimes that they originally committed. I have obtained some first-hand testimony on the point from the only sort of reliable source from which such testimony can come. I have talked and corresponded with a man named Edward Hamilton, whose obdurately permanent address is the State Penitentiary at Stillwater, Minnesota. He is serving a life sentence that was passed on him nearly 39 years ago: a time that I, who am well along in the forties, can hardly remember.

Hamilton was just 19 when he entered the penitentiary. He was then—to use his own words—a "tramp kid"; an incorrigible young thug, tough, lawless, unmoral and uneducated. Since the age of ten, he had been in and out of detention homes and reformatories; he had wandered from town to town and state to state, committing greater and lesser crimes from systematised begging to safe-cracking. At 18, he had married, having previously held up a bank to provide himself with the wherewithal. Finally, he had done two callous murders.

In the first of these, he shot a patrolman, who had arrested him and his partner—another young desperado, named McCool—for speeding at a time when they were both "on the lam". Hamilton shot the patrolman through the shoulder, then hit him twice over the head with the butt of his revolver, and left him by the roadside. Though he still maintains that the shooting was an accident, and that the revolver blows could not have been fatal, the patrolman died; and that made Hamilton guilty of first degree murder.

Several months before, he and McCool had accepted $100 each from a go-between to "think over" the idea of killing a certain Mrs. Dunn, the wealthy wife of a business man who wanted to be rid of her. After the patrolman's death, they decided to go ahead with this job, and they earned an additional $1,000 each for their pains. The money enabled Hamilton to get as far as San Francisco, where he was eventually picked up. On his own admission, he did the actual killing. He shot Mrs. Dunn in cold blood while she was asleep in bed with her sister. His youth, one may be sure, would not have saved him from execution in England or in any part of America which enforced the death penalty. But since his murders had been committed in an abolition state, he got "life" instead of death.

Stillwater in 1917 was a modern penitentiary. It still is, for fashions in prisons change very slowly. Discipline has eased a good deal during the years that Hamilton has been there. "The place is like a country club," he says, "compared to what it used to be. You weren't allowed to talk then; you weren't even allowed to smile". But it remains a maximum security institution, which means that its prime concern is, and must be, with security, not rehabilitation. Its fine workshops and recreational facilities are there not so much as the therapeutic means of transforming criminals into honest citizens as in recognition of the fact that bored and idle prisoners make dangerous ones. On the other hand, it does allow men of rare determination to take or make the opportunity to reform themselves.

From the very beginning, perhaps, Hamilton would have been incapable of that determination if he had realised, emotionally as well as intellectually, that "life" in the abolition state of Minnesota could mean "life"; that public opinion would never forget or forgive the murders he had done; that, no matter what sort of man he became, he would continue to be punished, year after year after year, as the brutal, unformed youth he once had been.

There was no one to help him master himself in prison. But he was moved to make the attempt unaided, and he realised that the first step must be to try to understand the causes of his criminality. Painfully, with the aid of a dictionary, he read through the two volumes of William James' *Principles of Psychology*. He went on to Freud's *Analysis of the Ego*, to Hingley's *Psychoanalysis*, to Watson's *Behaviorism*, to Morgan's *Abnormal Psychology*. He had begun to gratify a thirst for knowledge that must always have been latent in him. As the years went by, his range of interests increased. He taught himself mathematics, advancing from simple arithmetic to the absolute differential calculus. He taught himself to write English uncommonly well. Through his own voracious reading and through engaging in correspondence courses, he studied an immense number and variety of subjects: music, theology, chemistry, biology, physics, astronomy, electrical engineering, German and logic, to name only a few of them.

Hamilton's reform did not take place all at once. During his first seven years at Stillwater, he was continually in trouble, continually in rebellion against the rules and the fact of his confinement. The turning point, in his opinion, came when an application that he had made to work in the machine shop was finally granted. He wanted more than common labour; he wanted to learn a trade. And the reason for this, obviously enough, was his intense desire to be able to earn an honest living outside.

There came another turning point for him seven years later, or rather an emotional crisis, when he was suddenly faced with the realisation that his dream of release was as far off as ever. He spent 11 months in solitary confinement, adjusting himself to that bleak fact. But he emerged with his spirit still unbroken. He set about learning another trade; he applied for, and was given, the intertype operator-machinist job in the print shop. And he taught himself yet another one—watch repairing. He was now considered sufficiently trustworthy to be allowed to keep his own tools for this work: files, drills, a lathe.

In 1941, he applied for parole. It must have been obvious by then that the former "tramp kid," after nearly 24 years in prison, had grown into a peaceable and highly educated man. But Hamilton, officially, was still the undisciplined youth who had done two shocking murders. His application was turned down.

I met him just a year ago, through the courtesy of Douglas Rigg, the very progressively minded warden of Stillwater. I had seen newspaper pictures of him at 19, flashily dressed, with a bowler hat on the side of his head, and a pugnacious young face below it. There was no trace of physical resemblance between the Hamilton of those days and the Hamilton I saw now in his prison garb. His nose was red, his eyes behind steel-rimmed spectacles were watery, there were varicose veins in his legs, and he had that dusty, grey complexion so typical of the long-term prisoner.

I doubted if there could be any trace of mental resemblance, either. His manner was gentle and considerate; he talked easily and quietly—mostly about himself, it's true, though he revealed a (to me) astonishing interest in, and knowledge of, current affairs. I found that he had not lost his courage. He told me that he was still studying—electronics was his current enthusiasm—and that even in the past five years he believed he had developed and was better prepared for free life than he had been. He took no credit to himself for his rehabilitation, nor did he attribute it to Stillwater. "Environment forces us along," he said. "I am inclined to believe in behaviourism. This world is pretty much of a mechanical proposition." I asked him whether he thought it had all been worth while—the 38 years he had spent behind bars struggling to teach himself how to live beyond them. "Yes," he said. "It'll have been tremendously worth while. IF I GET OUT."

But since then he has made another application for parole, which again has been rejected. Perhaps, his spirit is still invincible, but I can tell what a disappointment this must have been for him from a recent letter in which he gave me his views on capital punishment. He would favour abolition, he said, if it "were accompanied with an intelligent solution of what to do with incorrigibles, if a reasonable period of time were set as punishment, and if genuine efforts were made to refit a prisoner so that when he was released he would be prepared and willing to live peacefully. . . ." But, under present circumstances (he wrote to me), he is against abolition. For he believes that most prisoners (and he counts himself among them) would prefer to die if they knew that absolutely no chance existed of their ever being released.

Since he is aware that I am an abolitionist, Hamilton expressed the hope that his views wouldn't "distress" me. They would distress me less if I could feel sure that the same cruel and wasteful punishment that has been visited on him won't be inflicted on human souls as bright and redeemable as his in Britain, if and when abolition comes. And I can't feel sure of this, so long as abolition continues to be fought for as an end in itself, rather than as an essential part of an assault on the whole expiatory theory of punishment.

GILES PLAYFAIR

The Leipzig Fair

TWICE a year, in March and September, travel restrictions are relaxed by the East German authorities to enable foreigners to visit the Trade Fair in Leipzig. Visas are handed out virtually to anyone for the asking, and for about a fortnight visitors are free to go pretty well where they like in the Soviet zone of Germany, though they are naturally expected to put in an appearance at the Fair. Recently I took advantage of this opportunity, which in my case was reinforced by a formal invitation from the government of the German Democratic Republic (the D.D.R.) to visit the Fair and bring my wife with me.

Throughout our visit we were treated with particular courtesy and were shown everything we asked to see. Besides the Fair exhibits, these sights included a printing works, a salt mine, antiquarian bookshops, a children's communal nursery, Schiller's house in Weimar, the Zeiss factory in Jena, the picture gallery in Dresden and the opera in East Berlin.

While the emphasis at the Spring Fair is on capital goods, industrial and technical machinery, the Autumn Fair in Leipzig is traditionally devoted to consumer goods. This year about 200,000 visitors from 67 countries inspected a wide range covering such commodities as cars, household and kitchen utensils, cutlery, glass, porcelain, artificial jewellery, toys, musical instruments, sporting requisites, cameras, binoculars, fancy goods, and publications of various kinds. With the exception of a few English books, whose display I thought much inferior to those of French and other western European publishing houses, there were no British products to be seen. Even the "Worcestershire sauce", which I expected to be of a well-known English brand, proved to have been manufactured in Western Germany. The French, as usual, were to the fore with their clothes models and put on an attractive fashion display. One East German woman, whom I rightly guessed to be wearing a costume of Donegal tweed, told me how pleased she was to have got hold of something "really Irish". She would gladly have worn a costume of English or Scotch cloth, she said, if she could have bought one anywhere in the D.D.R. but she could not. Why should this be?

Shortly before parliament rose for the summer recess, Mr. Thorneycroft, the President of the Board of Trade, in a written reply to a parliamentary question, stated that his department would not be sending representatives to the Leipzig Fair, either as an official delegation or as observers. To have done so, it appears, might somehow have implied a degree of political recognition of the D.D.R., which the United Kingdom, France and the United States are jointly agreed should not be recognised as a government. Yet this did not prevent France from making use of the facilities at Leipzig to conclude trade deals through her Commercial Counsellor at Bonn, who is a frequent visitor to the Soviet zone. The only official British visitors, on the other hand, were some officers of our military mission to the Soviet Occupation Forces, who somewhat incongruously turned up in uniform. This seemed to me hardly the correct dress for a trade fair, though I daresay it would not have been out of place at an international horse show.

In his speech declaring the Fair open, Herr Rau, the East German Minister of Commerce, confessed himself puzzled by the official British attitude. "The British are one of the oldest and most experienced trading nations," he said. "But for some reason or other, they have not fully studied the new factors and situation in international trade, and especially the factors arising from the existence of the Socialist world market." In Britain and other capitalist countries, the Minister remarked, "one tends to overlook the fact that in countries with a planned economy the volume of trade with each country is included in the plan and that the foreign trade organisations adapt themselves accordingly". Hence it was scarcely surprising to learn that, during the period of the Fair, the D.D.R. concluded a number of agreements for the supply of specific goods to various countries with which there were already comprehensive trade agreements. These included sewing-machines for Turkey, water pipes for Saudi Arabia and typewriters with Arabic keyboards for Egypt, the D.D.R. taking goods from these countries in exchange.

According to Herr Rau, the D.D.R. is anxious to increase its trading relations with the capitalist countries. I believe this desire to be genuine. As for the objection sometimes heard that there is not much scope for expansion in this direction, since so much of D.D.R. foreign trade is bound to the eastern bloc, the Minister answered it frankly. "This is definitely a misconception," he told me. "The foreign trade of the D.D.R. is planned to increase by about 170 per cent. by 1960. This means that the exchange of goods with capitalist countries can be increased by approximately three-quarters of the volume of foreign trade reached up to the present."

Herr Rau would like to conclude a commercial treaty with the U.K. Indeed he makes no bones about this. Hitherto the Board of Trade would seem to have been restrained by Foreign Office qualms on the subject of recognition, a factor of which Herr Rau is well aware. Recently there have been a few encouraging signs that this attitude is changing. Mr. Thorneycroft and his advisers appear somewhat less disinclined than they were to open negotiations with Herr Rau and his ministry in East Berlin. They may be realising that the East Germans could do with our cars, our woollens and linens and our agricultural machinery, while we would be better off with their steel, their chemical fertilisers and their optical goods, to quote just a few examples. We might also take a leaf out of Holland's book and buy East German cameras and lenses for re-export to the U.S., thereby improving our dollar reserves.

Anyhow, whatever the Foreign Office pundits may think, surely it is folly to go on officially ignoring the existence of 18 million East Germans, who inhabit over 107,000 square miles of fertile and industrially productive German territory? By all means let us trade with them to our mutual advantage and by so doing get to understand and know each other better. Hitherto, as Herr Rau has pertinently pointed out, there has been an "absence on the part of Great Britain of even a glimmering of governmental interest in the development of trade between our two countries". In my opinion, we should conclude a commercial treaty with the D.D.R. as soon as possible and send an official trade commissioner to East Berlin.

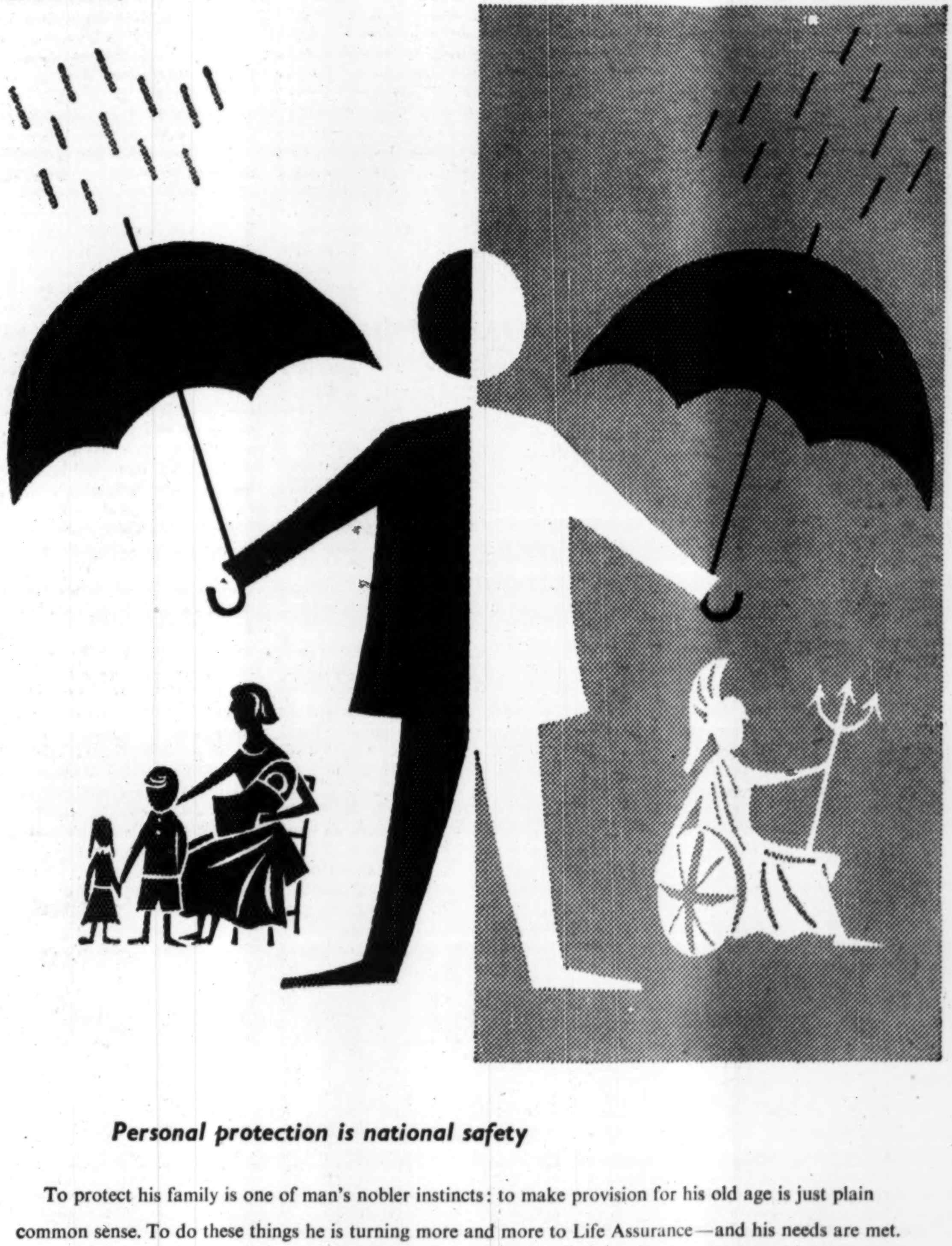
MONTGOMERY HYDE

What's Become of Giles?

IT is well known that British journalists tell the truth: not all, perhaps, but often some. Misrepresentations are due, when they occur, not to deliberate lying but to adherence to some legendary pattern which, since the journalist could not create that work of romantic art which is a popular daily if he were not careful to keep out of touch with reality, he has not the data to correct.

Hence the persistence of farmer Giles, that shrewd, sly, burly, gaitered oaf. His maintenance in being by the press serves, indeed, a purpose. It is expedient in our oligarchy that city and village be kept mutually hostile. To the politician representing an urban constituency farmers and farmhands play the part of Jews to Hitler; Giles is a figure easily held up to hatred and derision. Yet his persistence is not really due to political cunning; it is simply due to the journalist's preference for a symbol over a fact.

Mid-20th-century British farmers can be roughly classified in three groups. Naming them is not easy. They correspond approximately to the advertising and marketing research specialist's A, BC and DE categories. But this income-bracket classification is not altogether satisfactory, since a countryman's caste depends to some extent on his state of mind rather than his revenue. In classical Marxist terms, A equals bourgeois; BC, petty-bourgeois, DE, proletariat. But this classification breaks down badly in rural practice.



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By an A farmer I must be taken to mean the head of a "managerial revolution farm" (between 600 and several thousand acres). The farm belongs to a limited liability company with a board of directors. The farmer may be a gentleman, but probably is not, in the strict sense. But he has had a "good" education, including some time at a university; part of it will have been technical, and he may well be a B.Sc.(Agric.). He is very efficient; our managerial farms are, in fact, the only example in all British industry of production superiority over the rest of the world, and the A farmer can teach everybody but the Danes or the Dutch their job. The A farmer does not wear gaiters, nor does he carry a stick: they would be no use to him in his neat office, nor on the telephone, nor in his Humber Pullman or 3½-litre Jaguar. And even when he gets close to the job, he uses not his feet but a Land-Rover. He does not ride or make any other use of horses. (His daughter may do so.)

This disappearance of the horse as a traction device is the only change in Giles's ways recognised by the press. The newspapers have made that concession to reality: they photograph a tractor instead of a team. *The Times*, indeed, still prefers the team of horses; its photographers clearly know where these rare beasts are still to be found, but this is doubtless a closely guarded secret. As to the other papers, their recognition of rural mechanisation is due to two influences, one native and one alien. The native influence is the elevation to the status of national hero of the ingenious Mr. Harry Ferguson, consummated when he sued Ford for a gratifyingly large number of millions. The alien influence is due to the radiant energy of Communist-nationalist art forms. Britain has the most highly mechanised agriculture in the world, but it was in Russia, and that over a quarter of a century ago, that the tractor emerged as a cult-object. At the time this might well happen there, for tractors were hardly more numerous than teeth of Buddha or fragments of the True Cross. This influence was not, however, directly Russian. The style reached us at third-hand, by way of the new nationalisms: Russian cult-object tractors are driven by stocky, clear-eyed workers in shirt and trousers; cult-object tractors from, for example, Israel are driven by stout girls in shorts. This rise of female ministrants to the principal instrument of agriculture is clearly due to a resurgence of Great Goddess worship, thinly disguised. The English being the most secular people on earth, the cult-object reached us without the faith it stands for; even so it has become firmly established as a motif in journalistic art, the only kind of art which has, today, any social significance whatsoever.

The A farmers have public school or the best kinds of regional accent (Scots, Yorkshire, but not West Country). They pay 50 guineas for a suit, claim heavy expenses from the Inland Revenue, have sons at Eton, Harrow or Rugby, own three cars and employ more than one domestic servant, often English. Their bank overdrafts are not financial conveniences but economic institutions. They have no time to take holidays, but their families go to winter sports at the smartest places. The A farmers themselves sometimes go abroad, but professionally, perhaps on some semi-political mission for the N.F.U., in which case they fly and get the money back from the income tax. As a rule they sit on several boards, are perfectly at home in the City and are, in short, indistinguishable from managerial or A industrialists in urban areas.

BC farmers (both letters are used since this class can be broken down into sub-classes B and C, depending on the size of holding) are (Marxist) petty-bourgeois. Their origins are various; but their appearance and manners conform to a type, and that type is the "small" professional man, the suburban branch bank-manager, the GP, the solicitor. They live in well-maintained 18th- or 19th-century farmhouses, have one car (Austin, Vauxhall) not more than two years old and either a truck or a jeep. They own a good deal of fairly new machinery and have trouble finding the wages for enough hands. They pay up to £20 for a suit. Their wives go once a fortnight to a hairdresser, read a fashion or house magazine, have one servant, or at least a charwoman who comes every day, but do a lot of housework and most of the cooking themselves. Their sons go to minor public schools and their children look at TV. Some of them take holidays abroad if they can find the time, but they are beginning to find that expensive. Unlike A farmers, they have no office, clerks or secretary, but do their own clerical work and employ an accountant. In some areas they still drive to the weekly market but do not transact much business there. They sometimes get a day's shooting, are in favour of myxomatosis, will readily shoot a fox—although they are perfectly civil to the local hunt, if any, and fall in with the pretence of its stockbroking, film-promoting or advertising-agent members to be farmers themselves. They follow developments in scientific farming with an admirable grasp of technicalities. Like A farmers, they vote Conservative, but, unlike A farmers, hate the government. A farmers merely despise it, and know the men who tell it what to do. The older BC farmers occasionally go to church.

DE farmers are not, as might be expected, "workers and peasants"; that is they are not rural proletariat-equivalents, although they are lower-income bracket; in fact they are lowest-income bracket. They are "working" farmers, that is they do the manual work of the farm themselves, D farmers with some hired help, Es with none. (*Working* farmers, cf. *working* class. Note the sound English instinct which clearly implies in these terms that the only *real* work is manual.) It is in this category, if anywhere, that we might expect to find Giles. But no. DE farmers are not sturdy and shrewd and independent; they are rather thin, rather confused and, far from being independent, are on the verge of being county-courted by a supplier or foreclosed by the bank. Their second-hand machinery breaks down a lot and they spend much time in amateur repairs, as they owe a large bill at the garage-forge. It is years since they had a holiday, and they see no prospect of one in the near future. Ds sometimes have a small TV on HP and a just-post-war car. Es have an old wireless and a scrap-heap car. DE farmers are peculiar for their loathing of the working classes and they insist with violence that farm-hands are overpaid. In this they closely resemble their urban opposite numbers, the small and struggling back-street shopkeepers. They might be classified as *lumpen*-petty-bourgeois, if it did not sound so rude. They would be much better off and happier as foremen on an A farm, but there is perhaps something to be admired in their indigent independence.

There is an awkward sub-class, not yet mentioned, which one might call the "craft-farmer." The analogue is with the craft-potter, the craft-weaver. Urban petty-bourgeois origins *invariably*; countrymen are never to be found in this class. The craft-farmer is a small-holder with from three to ten acres, half of it cleared, the rest of which he intends to clear next year. He is often, indeed nearly always (cf. craft-weavers and potters), an intellectual and wears a beard or peculiar clothes. His holding is mortgaged but in no danger as he has a small private income, or he makes a little money reviewing, perhaps giving talks on the wireless, or in some such way. He changes his market-garden cropping plan every season, often in the middle of the season, on hearing that old so-and-so made a lot out of sweet corn last year. He forgets that that was last year. He is a bad customer for I.C.I. as he believes in compost, but for some reason this year the compost-heap is not rotting down properly and is making rather a smell. His ideas in this, and in other respects, are often sound, but they are couched in such terms that he is unable to convert his neighbours to them. He has one small machine which has got rather rusty. Last week it "ran" a bearing as

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he forgot to put oil in it. He thinks it would be rather a good scheme if oxen were restored as farm draught animals... they look so nice... and then, the manure... But he is not bigoted. For instance, he admits that he sprayed his apple trees against scab, last year. They got scab just the same. It is true that he only sprayed them once, whereas on the tin it said to spray them three times. The fact is, he had not the time to do that, he was catching up on his reading, and there was a remarkable series of programmes of Portuguese folk-music on the Third. He reads the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and the *Manchester Guardian,* and has one son and one daughter at a good progressive school. He does not know how he will pay the bill next term. He is beginning to say that really, on the whole, the education obtained at the state schools is the best.

Giles? You may seek him in the columns of the daily press and will find him there. But he is no longer in life. *Requiescat in pace:* we shall not look upon his like again.

EDWARD HYAMS

Fleet Street Notebook

IN the days when *The Times* made and unmade governments, instead of being content to be their advocate in their less responsible moments, Delane once remarked sharply to a gentleman who brought him a private Cabinet document in the expectation of some return in political support, that he preferred not to receive secrets in such a way since he knew that the information would, in any event, come to him within the hour from several sources and without any question of confidence or reward.

I have found myself regretting Delane many times during the last few weeks. It is a long time, I think, since any government has been so active in seeking to influence the press by every possible means, from the high-level editorial conference to the security stop, as this government has done during the Suez crisis. The relation between governments and newspapers is, of course, never very easy in times of political crisis. The business of newspapers is, to quote Delane again, "disclosure"; the hope of governments most frequently that disclosures will be prevented or will take only the form that suits their purpose. The question arises how far newspapers should permit themselves to be put by any government into a position where they are the possessors of confidential information which may limit their freedom to give the facts necessary to inform public opinion of what is really happening.

That there was a quite determined attempt by the government to do this throughout the Suez crisis there can, I think, be no doubt whatever. Several methods were employed. There was first the off-the-record briefing at No. 10 Downing Street, carried out by the Prime Minister's press office on his instructions—and no one can criticise Mr. William Clarke, Sir Anthony Eden's public relations adviser, for doing what the Cabinet told him to do. It is their responsibility, not his. It was from these briefings that the extent of the Prime Minister's determination to make war on Nasser, unless he did what he was told, first emerged.

The problem created by confidential briefings of this type is this—and I speak with experience on both sides of the table. They serve a useful function when they are devoted to providing the background to decisions already made public and subject to debate and questioning in parliament.

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They can be extremely dangerous when they go beyond this and are made into an instrument for publicising policies on which the government has privately decided—but to which it has not publicly committed itself and for which it can therefore seek to escape responsibility if the newspaper stories it has inspired evoke an unfavourable public response. Part of the trouble throughout the Suez crisis, in fact, has been that, until parliament was at last recalled, Sir Anthony Eden used the newspapers to conduct a war of nerves against Egypt and to whip up British public opinion in favour of aggression, without himself coming out into the open. Even when Sir Anthony himself saw a number of newspaper editors privately the same elaborate face-saving procedure of secrecy was maintained.

In fact, a method which, although much older, was much used by Lloyd George during the first world war—evoking a strong protest from H. W. Massingham at the time—has been employed by the Cabinet in a way which it is important should be generally understood. This is the technique of the confidential, off-the-record conference at which a great deal of information is given in secrecy, all those there being well aware that what they are told is meant to come out but that the source of it must not on any account be divulged. Those receiving the information are expected to publish it as if they had somehow evolved it from their own inner consciences. Those giving it, while insisting that they are speaking privately, would be as annoyed if the confidence were not broken in the approved manner as they would be in other circumstances if a genuine confidence were broken.

This method has three advantages for those who use it. It enables them to put over a policy, while leaving themselves a loophole to wriggle out of full responsibility for what they have said if it goes wrong. It allows them to quote public opinion as manifested in a free press. And it has the great advantage of ensuring that newspapers receive under seal of secrecy, and with careful provisos as to what can and cannot be used, information that they might otherwise discover for themselves without any strings attached. Censorship by confidence is one of the oldest tricks in the political pack.

There has, however, been in addition a degree of direct censorship of the press which I must say seems to me gravely disturbing in times of peace. At the end of the war when the full apparatus of press censorship was disbanded, it was decided to continue a skeleton service of guidance on security matters under Admiral G. C. Thomson, the former Chief Press Censor, who had secured, and deserved, the confidence of newspapers during the war. During the Suez crisis, however, this useful service has been distorted under government pressure to prevent the public from obtaining a real picture of the military preparations and their purpose. The *Manchester Guardian* has, I think, been alone among daily papers in making any reference to the dilemma in which this censorship has put patriotic editors who were in no position to judge how far justified on security grounds were individual D notices, but who recognised that their cumulative effect was to keep essential information regarding government policy from the public.

With the experience of the past few weeks to draw upon, I believe it has become an urgent public duty for newspapers to consider just how far they ought in the future to allow themselves to be bound in this way.

Francis Williams

The Arts and Entertainment

Two Anniversaries

Two institutions have been celebrating their tenth birthdays: the English Opera Group and the Third Programme. Both are minority movements which have greatly enriched the English musical scene, and both are to be congratulated on having successfully weathered the storms of an unpropitious decade.

Rather more than fifty per cent. of the Third's time is devoted to music, and the impoverishment which its removal would entail is dreadful to contemplate. A complete list of works performed—suppose that it were practicable to publish so bulky a document—would resemble the catalogues which follow the main composer entries in *Grove*. The critic hardly dares to complain that this or that field has been neglected, lest an avalanche of statistics should prove him wrong. And yet . . . there is a strong and widespread impression that the Third Programme has been getting musically duller of late, and listeners to the spoken part of the programmes have been making similar complaints. Something has gone a little stale. There is a want of surprise, of imagination, of that airy high-spirited approach that should belong to such an enterprise, and once did. It is all very proper and solid and lumpy. What one might call the harpsichord and counter-tenor period is heavily drawn upon, while the standard modern classics, as Mr. Peter Heyworth has pointed out in *The Observer*, are either flimsily represented or ignored. It is really no compensation to offer us a complete cycle of the symphonies of Sir Arnold Bax; or to present routine performances of Beethoven and Brahms symphonies, often repeated the next night. The latter form the backbone of the standard repertory; they are therefore so familiar and so readily available elsewhere that only exceptional circumstances can justify their inclusion.

No such complaint, I hasten to add, could possibly be brought against the celebration of the anniversary by an outstanding performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* at the Festival Hall. The mere difficulty of giving the Mass at all is enough to prevent it from becoming hackneyed; and the choice of Otto Klemperer as conductor, and of a distinguished team of soloists, made this a notable occasion. Klemperer is now happily enjoying a return of good health and a sort of Indian summer of reputation: people are beginning to talk of him, I note, as the leading Beethoven conductor of our time. This is interesting, because he represents a swing of the pendulum away from the most admired Beethoven interpreters of recent days. He is more serene and classical than either Furtwängler or Toscanini. He does not linger and sentimentalise, as Furtwängler did; nor does he, like Toscanini, subordinate everything to architecture and vital rhythm. His conception of the Mass is noble, intensely musical and satisfying; when set beside that of Toscanini, however, it is often a little tame. Under Klemperer's beat, the famous difficulties in the vocal parts seemed almost to melt away; the sopranos attacked their high B flats with pure musical tone and without fuss—and the result was that "Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris" seemed a statement of impressive fact rather than a sudden blinding vision of Divinity enthroned. Similarly, the lovely dipping melodies of the "Dona nobis pacem" section were given, at each recurrence, with the utmost fullness and sweetness of tone and composure of gait, whereas the martial interruptions made a far less startling effect than usual. In the "Credo" Beethoven hammers out his faith painfully, clause by clause, taking nothing for granted, scrutinizing every detail, and stammering with sudden amazement when the conjunction "et" introduces some fresh marvel into his ken—all of which was duly present in Klemperer's orderly performance, but with the dramatic impact somewhat softened. Jacob was indeed wrestling with the angel, but the outcome of the struggle was never in doubt. Nothing, it must be added, could have been more beautiful than the long chain of codas to the fugue on "Et vitam venturi saeculi"; as the limpid soprano of Anny Schlemm climbed the long scales of B flat and the instruments followed, depth after depth of illimitable blue seemed to unfold before our eyes; the ascending scales were like Jacob's ladders.

When the English Opera Group was formed, I remember appealing in this column for financial support—something which is still badly needed, by the way; and I remember, too, that I felt a mixture of enthusiasm and misgiving about the project. The fact that the mainspring of the enterprise was the genius of Benjamin Britten—then, as now, the brightest phenomenon in the musical landscape—accounted for both emotions. Whatever he did, he was sure to do well; but what if the Group should prove to be too much of a one-man show, absorbing all his time and leading him to concentrate his energies on the writing of small-scale operas for unusual resources, when he might have been enriching the world's repertory with the internationally valid masterpieces which it desperately needs? Until 1954, despite the delightful *Albert Herring* (*Lucretia* was already in existence at the formation of the Group), the record of work achieved might fairly have been described as honourable and impressive, though Berkeley alone among other composers has seemed both willing and able to adapt his style to the unusual requirements. But *The Turn of the Screw* radically altered the picture. This is a work of pure genius, perhaps the most perfect of Britten's more extended scores, and moreover an outstanding example of just such intimate collaboration between composer, librettist, designer, producer and performers as the Group exists to provide. During the current season at the Scala Theatre, the opera has undergone various changes of cast without losing the dream-like fluency of its original production. Gerald English, in particular, has shown himself both physically and vocally well suited to the difficult part of Quint; while Emerentia Scheepers has presented a warm-voiced and musical, if as yet immature, Governess. David Hemmings's voice is probably near breaking point, and the Group are clever to have found in Michael Hartnett a new boy with a distinct and interesting stage personality to undertake the role of Miles.

Lennox Berkeley's tenderly lyrical *Ruth*, to a libretto by Eric Crozier, the one novelty of the Scala season, I hope to discuss next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Georges Braque

THE art of which Braque, Picasso, Gris and Léger were the great fore-runners, has been in existence for nearly half a century. Braque is seventy-five, Picasso seventy-five, Gris who died in 1927 would have been sixty-nine and Léger seventy-six. Some, looking down those fifty dangerous and tormenting years, have thought of this art in all its complexity and variety, fought for and starved for, as an emblem of disintegration, anarchy and chaos. But it was, as we can see now, a classical activity. As in Chinese art, where colour is sometimes regarded as a dangerous obstacle to good work, it concentrated on form, and a new way of attempting to realise the third dimension, and an attitude to space that was to have the most beneficient results in architecture.

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view here, is the one which this year formed part of the Edinburgh Festival, and as a result—a most surprising result—Braque has been elected a member of the Royal Scottish Academy.) The son of a house-painter and decorator, and trained in the craft himself, Braque was given permission by his father to devote himself entirely to painting, and brought to his art—apart from his inherent tranquillity and flair for arrangement—a very special personal response to his material, the *matière* of paint itself. This feeling about paint and its application played a most important part in his attitude to appearances; and his background is, I believe, a clue to his present position as the great master of still-life, just as Vuillard, the *intimiste* and master of figures in interiors, was entranced by the multi-coloured cloths, silks, and satins in his mother's dress-making work-room.

With Braque, this personal feeling about the consistency of paint, its application to surface, its particle size, its roughness, granulation, opacity, transparence, and its capacity to imitate other materials, came partly from his craftsman's training and partly from a great delight in that which is seen close to, that which has a clear, strong, earthy, optical impact—the grain of this mahogany table, for instance, on which I am writing, the sheets of writing paper, the black squat ink bottle, the briar pipe tilted against the green packet of cigarette papers, in fact the things that lie to hand. Braque is the one artist in this century completely attuned to all the possibilities offered to a painter by the simple things that surround him at home or in the studio. The objects as he depicts them may be metaphors, or have undergone metamorphoses both in identity and colour, but they are reconstituted in terms of painterly requirements so that nothing of their original impact, in *facture* or tangibility, has been lost.

This particular sense of immediacy characterises the still-life painting of Braque, whether the composition be austere, rectangulated and inorganic, or sensuous, flowing and organic, as in "Still-life with Guitar and Fruit" (54)—contrast with the carefully modulated glazes and stainings of the fresco-like "Still-life with a Mandolin" (74) and the "Pink Tablecloth" (68).

Colour may manifest itself with great richness and subtlety, in the early cubist works with a range of blacks, greys, gold ochre and white, attuned to the mood and formal preoccupations of the picture. See also the "Kitchen Table" (80), 1942, and the magnificent spacially complex and transparent painting "Studio II" (83), in which objects in his studio, an oil lamp and its reflection in a table top, a jar, a sculptured head on the left, a palette, the top of an easel, appear in controlled recession in front of a marvellously transparent "window" behind which the phantom bird that haunts many of his later pictures and drawings appears motionless yet in flight, as an albatross may appear to hover motionless above the deck of a fast-moving ship. Compare this picture (83) with its important companion on the other wall, "Studio VIII" (85), a synthesis in colour and form, which has been described by Mr. Douglas Cooper in the scholarly catalogue he has compiled "as both the summing-up of the series of 'Studios' and also probably as his culminant achievement of the last twenty-five years." But whereas in "Studio VIII" the image of the now symbolic white bird achieves its presence like the two white triangles below it, with the surface reality of a cubist *papier collé*, in his most recent painting "On the Wing" (87) the image is stark, solitary and uncompromising—a black bird traverses a lunar scene.

Pointless to ask what kind of bird this is, or the meaning of the strange nest-like void containing an echoing moon. Voids themselves, dark and inscrutable, they are suspended timeless, yet in motion, above the corrugations of a pale blue, icy waste. Braque is a traditionalist, and the true traditionalist is an inventor not content with a purely local tradition. All violence, all literature, all anecdote, is absent from his work. He is a man in love with painting, an image maker.

MERLYN EVANS

A Repertory Revived

WHEN some months ago the Oxford Playhouse looked like closing down after a long, lingering period of anæmia (called in theatrical language "lack of public support"), this brought into debate the whole question of the future of the provincial repertory movement. Oxford, after all, is a large town and it houses a highly heterogeneous population ranging from the most distinguished representatives of the traditional culture to the newest of the new men. If such a town were unable to support a repertory company, which had at the least a fine tradition of acting behind it, what hope was there for repertory anywhere? The Playhouse did close down, but not for long. A public-spirited group has now put it on its feet again, and the new director, Mr. Frank Hauser, offers a programme rather different from even the usual Art Repertory fare.

The current practice in provincial repertory is to coat the pill of original plays (when they can be found) or of classics with a judicious mixture of plays which have succeeded in London. In what are called "commercial" Repertories the London successes predominate and they tend to be light comedies or thrillers. But even at the Art Repertories, at Bristol or Birmingham or Liverpool, experience has shown that the patrons give more support to a local production of a London highbrow success—to the last Fry or Eliot or Graham Greene—than they do to a new play or a classic. Mr. Hauser's first assumption in planning his programme for Oxford is that this principle won't apply there.

The population of Oxford, he argues—or at least that part of it which is likely to support the Playhouse—will have already seen its Betti or its Brecht or its John Osborne in London, and will not want to see a rehash at Oxford. What he proposes instead is to offer them what they can't see in London and are very unlikely to see anywhere but at the Playhouse, Oxford (though I suppose he will naturally have the hope, too, that what the Oxford Playhouse audience enjoy today London may want to see tomorrow). It is not easy to get together a selection of plays which will fulfil these conditions, but Mr. Hauser has made an excellent first selection. Giraudoux's *Electra* opened the programme this week; it is to be followed by Auden's translation of Cocteau's *Knights of the Round Table*, and by the world première of a play by Elias Canetti whose novel *Auto-da-Fe* earned him such a high reputation. From England there is, besides the Ustinov play *The Empty Chair*, which has only been seen so far at the Bristol Old Vic, a play by a new author of which Mr. Hauser has high hopes, and he plans a production of *The Lysistrata* in the Dudley Fitts translation.

It will be seen, then, that Mr. Hauser takes an optimistic view of the intelligence and adventurousness of the potential Playhouse audience. That, I am sure, is the right thing to do. If even Oxford doesn't respond to the good when it is offered, we might as well give up. Certainly it showed every sign of responding on the opening night. A packed house gave the most enthusiastic welcome to Juliet Mansel's translation of Giraudoux's *Electra*, and this is by no means an easy play. Giraudoux unfolds his version of the Greek story with characteristic effects, the charm, the passion, the poetry, the sudden unexpected strokes of humour, but he unfolds it slowly. The French can be better counted on to listen than we can; we are entranced in the first act but we rather wonder where we are meant to be going and when, in the second act, we begin to realise, we feel we had been entitled to more pointers.

But this is a fine play by a neglected master, and we are delighted to have the chance of hearing it. "Hearing" is the point, for it is highly decorated writing; and the company was led by two guest artists who matched its demands. Miss Mary Morris as Electra set the pace in a performance thrillingly steely and beautifully exact; and Miss Catherine Lacey, as Clytemnestra, was finely sensitive to the part. Not all the company were able to keep up with them—there are, indeed, several distinct weaknesses in it—but Mr. Frank Windsor made a great impression as the chorus and Mr. Frederick Bartman did well with his long monologue as the gardener. I think it would have been an advantage to place the play further forward on the stage. Where clarity and pointing are everything, setting it so far back was an added difficulty for the actors. The hieratic movement and placing in Mr. Hauser's production were excellent and appropriate.

T. C. Worsley

Blackpool Illuminations

Modest as the final product is—about twenty minutes an evening—the job of reporting a party conference is one of the most difficult and complex jobs in television.

This week at Blackpool the BBC has had a clear advantage over ITN because, whereas ITN is organised independently of the commercial programme companies and is supported by some of them rather grudgingly, the BBC has its own national network. The BBC, therefore—being able to beam live signals from Blackpool Tower to Manchester—has been able to present the Labour Party Conference in the form of live interviews as well as on film: ITN has had to be content with film alone.

The use of film presents formidable problems, mainly due to the accidents of geography. Strange as it may seem to the inexpert, there is no place outside London at which film can be processed. Therefore, if a film of an event at Blackpool is to be developed, printed and cut for showing on TV the same evening, it has to be flown to London. The BBC and ITN have been sharing a plane this week. (At least, that was how ITN put it to me: the BBC said "Well, actually, *we* hired the plane, and we're letting them use it too.")

On the first day of the Conference, the transport of the film to London was almost as dramatic as an old-time melodrama of the Mail Getting Through. There was fog in Southern England (it was the day of the Vulcan disaster), and the plane carrying the film had difficulty in getting even as far as Birmingham. From Birmingham the film was taken on to London by road. It seems miraculous that viewers on both channels were able to see quite creditable filmed pictures of the Conference at 10.45 p.m.

In addition, a special misfortune hit the BBC people. Through some technical mishap, they lost a thousand feet of film (which included, I gather, most of their "reaction shots"): this accounts for a certain static quality in their film on Monday night, which showed us the speakers at some length without those interesting cutaways to crowd or individual reactions.

Their performance, none the less, was generally satisfactory: Christopher Chataway interviewed Frank Cousins live, and Mr. David Butler, the celebrated psephologist, had flown from Washington to prognosticate, also live, about the election to the treasurership.

Another scientific miracle is the process of editing the film. To provide material for a ten-minute impression of conference sessions that have lasted six hours, the BBC cameramen shoot 40 minutes of film. This film is actually edited at Blackpool, under the general direction of Mr. Leonard Miall, with detailed attention by Mr. Rex Moorfoot. They have to do this editing "blind," since they do not see the film: this they can do because they have a tape-recording of the sound, plus a complete script of all that has been shot (taken by a team of court stenographers from Liverpool). To "watch," without seeing, both the context and the mechanics of the film, and to compress it so drastically at such high speed, calls for considerable political judgment and technical skill.

It also calls for some self-denial. It would be easy for an unscrupulous producer, or one concerned to be bright at all costs, to cut from a speech to dramatically effective reaction-shots that had no relation to that speech. So far as I know, both the BBC and ITN have resisted this temptation. Each shot is numbered and timed—to the hour, the minute, and the second—and those on the spot seem to do all they can to ensure that these shots are used only where they are truly relevant.

Absolutely genuine and instantaneous reaction-shots will be possible only if and when a conference agrees to the live transmission of its whole proceedings as in America: then the BBC would use, probably, six electronic cameras distributed about the hall, instead of, as now, film cameras.

Both the News and the Talks Departments of the BBC have been engaged jointly in this operation—in its way, a more notable example of peaceful co-existence than the sharing of the plane with ITN. For their part of the job, Talks have been using 35-mm film—the kind used for documentaries, which gives better quality pictures than the 16-mm film used by BBC News and by ITN.

As I say, at the beginning of the week the BBC, because of its superior facilities, seemed to be getting slightly the better of its competitor; but Robin Day, in his brisk, brash way, pulled off a neat scoop on Monday by locating and interviewing the solitary voter against the Suez resolution, and put some shrewd and intelligent questions to Nye Bevan in a film interview on Tuesday. (The BBC got Nye live.) By the end of the week no viewer on either channel will be able to complain of inadequate coverage of the Conference.

Next week both teams move to Llandudno, where the technical difficulties will be even greater. Whereas the Blackpool airport is only ten minutes from the conference hall, the film from Llandudno will have to be driven forty miles to be put into a plane at Hawarden—watched, perhaps, with puzzled benevolence by the shade of the Grand Old Man.

Tom Driberg

Shocking

"*See:* World Conquered by the Horrible Beast from beyond the Stars!" "*See:* Terrifying She-Monster who Lures Men with her Unearthly Beauty!" Everyone says that comedy is the thing at the moment; but clearly the desire for shock prevails. Science-Fiction cinema is enjoying a new boom. A lot of these films are never shown in the West End, and never get a release on the circuits; but there are over 2,000 independent cinemas in Britain, and films like *It Conquered the World* and *The She-Creature* (from whose advertising I have lifted these alluring phrases) are going to be seen by a lot of people. This is a new double-bill shown to the trade last week by Anglo-Amalgamated Film Distributors, Ltd.

Anglo-Amalgamated are making a good thing of their double-X, all-sensation policy. It started last year, when they put out *The Day the World Ended* with *Phantom from 1,000 Leagues*. Launched without benefit of notice from the critics, this programme did "fantastic business" (particularly in the Industrial North), and even broke house-records at a circuit cinema in Birmingham. Two further low-budget American shockers were hastily coupled and hurled into the thrill-hungry provinces: *The Beast with a Million Eyes* and *The Mystery of the Black Jungle*. "Of course," Anglo-Amalgamated explain frankly, "some people just enjoy taking the mickey out of them. . . . We play them on their exploitation value." It is the promise of sensationalism that counts. In fact the current programme in this series, released last month, is not science-fiction at all (and one of the pictures even suffered the indignity of a "U" Certificate), but the exploitation technique is the same. "Double Sock Rock and Thrill Show!" proclaim the advertisements for *Girls in Prison* ("What Happens to Girls Without Men?") and *Hot-Rod Girl* ("Youth on the Loose! Speed Crazy Rock 'n' Roll Rampage!"). Social historians please note.

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Of course the trouble is that films on this level are more remarkable to hear about than to see. The publicity hugely inflates their interest. Made quickly and cheaply (they are all from America), they are apt to resemble television plays in style, and their monsters, when finally disclosed after much screaming, are frequently ludicrous. The She-Creature, for instance, is a sort of Pantomime Demon Queen, emerging from primeval ooze without a drip or a trace of slime; and the Thing from Venus in *It Conquered the World* (it didn't) resembles nothing so much as an inverted carrot, with a large, fanged mouth in its stomach, and stubby claws that wave with a certain pathos. To be fair though, we must note that we are shielded from the most gruesome moments in even the X-Certificate films by the ministrations of our kindly censor.

Two more ambitious ventures in this genre are worth recording. *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* is made by the team responsible for *Riot in Cell Block 11*; which means that it is intelligent, craftsmanlike and decent. But I could not really surrender credulity to those giant pods (whence? and why?) which bud out so nastily into replicas of human bodies. After a good first half this loses grip. *X—The Unknown* (now at the London Pavilion), seems to me better thought-out, more sustained, and altogether a pretty upsetting hour-and-a-half. This is a British picture, admirably directed by Leslie Norman, and produced by Anthony (Quatermass) Hinds. Its monster is not out of time or space, but a terrifying emanation of energy from the centre of the earth, and the film plays very effectively on one's mistrust of all this fooling about with atoms and hydrogen. Not poetic exactly, but a valid exploitation of our contemporary nightmare.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Correspondence

NEGOTIATING WITH NASSER

SIR,—The article on Suez, "The Opportunity to Negotiate," in your issue of September 29, rests its case on what appear to me to be two basic misconceptions. First, it claims that the possibility of negotiation depends on "a full acceptance by the West of the fact of nationalisation." One wonders whether there is anything left to negotiate once this much is fully accepted. To say that the decisions at the first London Conference are incompatible with "a conception of nationalisation which any Arab can be expected to accept" assumes that the writer knows what conception of nationalisation will be acceptable. Is, for example, a conception of nationalisation which prevents Egypt from determining whether Israel has the right to use the canal one "which any Arab can be expected to accept"? This is precisely what has to be achieved through negotiation and cannot be conceded in advance. If so much is conceded in advance, what concessions will be left for Britain and France to make during the negotiations?

Secondly, and perhaps more fundamental, there seems to be the assumption that an adequate system of international law exists under which disputes of this sort can be finally adjudicated; or, if it does not, then at least the western powers ought to behave as if it did. Not only is this approach unrealistic, but it prevents a proper grasp of the whole situation. Within a sovereign state, in cases where there is a failure of negotiations, the contending parties go to law, knowing that this will resolve the dispute. In international relations where there is no sovereign law, one must also consider the possibility of failure of legal adjudication (which seems likely in view of the procedure in the Security Council and the absence of powers of enforcement of decisions of the International Court), so that those who go to law cannot afford to abandon the positions from which they were negotiating, in the confident expectation that things will be resolved through legal procedures. If they do, they have no alternative to the use of force but complete capitulation.

Some realisation of this seems to be dawning on Labour's leaders. They move from a demand for appeal to the United Nations implying that that would solve everything to the point where they are willing to ask, "After the UN, what?" Would not some reasonable foresight on this matter have tempered the pressure of the Labour Party on the government from the beginning?

HENRY M. MAGID

35 Dickens Square,
S.E.1.

NEW MINDS FOR THE NEW WORLD

SIR,—In your excellent article entitled "New Minds for the New World" and in the correspondence that has followed it, the assumption seems to be implicit that the choice between science and the arts has to be made at the age of 14 or 15, and that it is to all intents and purposes irrevocable. This assumption, among teachers and students alike, is losing us what could be a fruitful source of new minds for science.

I came up to Oxford having specialised in classics at school; I knew no science at all. After having read Classical Mods, I decided to change to medicine, and this involved passing examinations in physics, chemistry and biology—the equivalent of 1st M.B. Although I am decidedly without talent for science, I passed these exams "from scratch" within a year; and I could name some dozen of my own near-contemporaries who have done the same. Of course, after a year one's scientific background is not rich; but there is enough there on which to start an honours course, and people are doing so in these conditions every year. The conclusion is surely obvious: that the barrier between the "inside" of science and the "outside," so far from being insurmountable, can be overcome in one year—in less by a gifted person.

The often ephemeral tastes of a 15-year-old, and the transient factors that may govern them—perhaps no more than the personality of a particular master—need not decide a man's career. At least one university has recognised this, and is planning a one-year "conversion-course" for arts students; and at Oxford the I.C.I. is this year offering scholarships to enable Freshmen who have not specialised in science to take such a course, so that at the end of it they can decide what to read after having had a taste of both pies. At Keele, where all students attend courses in science, I hear that several would-be arts men have taken their degrees in science. But all these enlightened schemes as yet add up to little; what is needed is that grant-giving bodies should *as a matter of routine* allow their arts students to spend, if they wish, their first year at the university on such a course; even if only half of them were to choose to continue with science after the first year (I believe the percentage would be greater), the extra cost involved in the four-year course would surely be worth while; and even in the case of those who reverted to arts, the time would not have been wasted—the least that could happen would be that we should have fewer dons, teachers and civil servants who do not know the difference between an atom and a molecule.

TOM ARIE

Balliol College,
Oxford.

THE COPPERBELT

SIR,—Having returned from the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt since the declaration of emergency on which you commented recently, I would like to point out that the picture you give is hardly fair, although the facts may be true as far as they go.

First, you do not mention that the "purely industrial matters" have resulted in, I believe, 11 strikes during the past six months, the most recent being the cause of the Emergency. In fact not only do you fail to mention that there have been strikes, but also that the latest had prospects of leading to a general close-down of all mines on the Copperbelt—a disaster.

Secondly, as Mr. Katilungu has been in England he has naturally had little opportunity to play a part in the industrial scene during the most recent period of unrest. Therefore his "valiant efforts" have had little to do with the present situation. Who has been "sacrificed" is a matter of opinion.

Thirdly, the "white settlers" have admittedly been exerting pressure, but the miners' most recent demand was not for force but for a governmental commission of inquiry. I will not attempt to pass judgment on the means which were used by the government—they were a surprise to many, Africans and Europeans alike. But it would appear that, far from being sacrificed, Mr. Katilungu was instead given an opportunity of exercising his moderating influence on the African miners bewildered by the recent industrial conflicts. Most Africans would prefer to be unaffected by the political and racial issues in which they have been forced to take part by the extremists. What they need are strong leaders who will not seek to apply the label "discrimination" to anything and everything ranging from leggings to the creation of a staff association. It is ironic that this last is the result of a major step in African advancement eventually wrung from the European mine workers. The latter are not likely to be pleased with the result of their concession.

Finally, it would be well for the more "liberal" publications to remember that the Europeans (who, incidentally, dislike being referred to as "white settlers") are sincere and often generous-minded in themselves, but are victims of a situation and an attitude of mind that will *never* be dispelled by unsympathetic criticism from this country. In Rhodesia there is hope that federation and "partnership" will lead eventually to a right solution for all sides. Too many people in England seem to think that "Africa's problems can be solved overnight." The liberal-minded (who are much needed in Rhodesia) need to be actively understanding as well as loudly critical.

R. J. FIELDER

East Grinstead,
Sussex.

ROOF DWELLERS OF HONG KONG

SIR,—May I ask to bring to the notice of your readers some facts recently given to me by Pastor K. L. Stumpf of the Lutheran World Federation who is chairman of the China International Refugee Council, about the conditions and unspeakable destitution endured by the 600,000 refugees in Hong Kong—perhaps normally thought of as a prosperous British colony.

Some 200,000 of these refugees—many more than the entire population of Wolverhampton, Derby or Oxford—live on the roof tops of tenement houses, in shacks made from cardboard, tins or sacking, while sweeping fires are apt to reduce these squatters' "homes" to ashes. 60,000 children live with no care or protection, begging by day and sleeping wherever they can at night. There is a desperate lack of water and sanitation and hospital facilities are so inadequate that patients often have to squat for days outside the hospital before anything can be done for them: when admitted they are quite likely to find themselves sharing a bed with another patient. In all probability, both will be suffering from tuberculosis, it being estimated that 95 per cent. are infected, a higher percentage than any other part of the world. For something like 100,000 children there is no education whatsoever. Unemployment is rife.

The condition of these roof dwellers is desperate—worse it is said, than any conditions endured by refugees in Europe after the war. The Hong Kong government is faced with immense problems which, within the means available to it, it has done all it can to overcome; but utter destitution and intense human suffering on this scale seems to call for immediate and vigorous action and, one can only hope that if the nature of the problem is such that a local solution to it is not possible, some initiative will be taken to make this matter a United Nations concern.

Meanwhile, some of your readers might like to know that any money received by the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17, Broad Street, Oxford, as a result of this letter will be passed on to relief workers. In this way some may be saved from the worst consequences of these conditions.

FRANCIS JUDE

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LIEUTENANT X AND CAPTAIN Y

SIR,—Mr. Strachey's "Indian Diary," in your issue of August 18, contains a reference to the hold of caste on young Indians, for which he cites the instance of Captain Y, a Brahmin, who would not drink coffee from the same vessel as Mr. Strachey and Lieut. X, a Hindu of lower caste. Mr. Strachey is wrong in thinking that Captain Y's behaviour had something to do with caste. Quite understandably, Mr. Strachey is not aware of the fact that, among Hindus of all castes, people simply do not drink from the same vessel until it is cleansed with water after use by one person, even if they happen to be members of one family, unless they are husband and wife. I may mention that it is even one of the minor ceremonies in marriage to make the couple eat from the same plate and drink from the same cup. In a a situation like the one described by Mr. Strachey, when there is only one cup and it cannot be washed, people drink adroitly poising the cup well over the mouth without letting it touch the lips. Of course, this is not a very easy thing to do always, and almost impossible with a hot drink. However, there seems to be a basis of reason for it, namely preventing contagion. But I think the basis of sentiment is stronger, making it an act of closest intimacy. If Lieut. X drank from the same cup as Mr. Strachey, it only shows that he was aware of a westerner's reaction better than the Captain; and if "he did not bat an eyelid through all this", it was not so much his tact as his understanding of the prevailing practice. He could not have seen in it any gesture of caste superiority (however innocent), as did Mr. Strachey.

Anantapur, R. S. SUDARSHANAM
Andhra State, India.

GOD IN HISTORY

SIR,—R H. S. Crossman in his review of Toynbee's *An Historian's Approach to Religion* points out correctly that Toynbee has come to the conclusion that the higher religions are the crown of his interpretation of human history, but I think that the confusion as to the role of the higher religion and of *God* is evident in both of these gentlemen's approaches. Aren't the higher religions merely moral codes which have tried to contain man's natural aggressiveness according to the code of each society by threatening the individual with some fate in posterity? And since the clergy, or priests, of any religion are a vested interest they naturally seek to maintain their hold on power.

Perhaps as a historian I may venture a definition of *God* which will provide some unity to any discussion of the force behind human drive. God, it seems to me, is human ambition modified by fear of and the pressure from the society in which a man lives. This ambition may be grandiose as in the cases of Cæsar, Napoleon or Hitler, or it may even be rather negative as in the case of the little man who merely wants to maintain his *status quo*.

Since humans do tend to progress and never to be satisfied, their God can never really be known, nor will they ever reach Heaven because someone else will always create a better one that they would rather be in.

If we recognise these ideas, then it seems to me that Prof. Toynbee has not really led us astray at all, but has only recently been able to stand back and see for himself the whole structure that he has built and that what he is really appealing for is a universal moral code, recognising that all men really have the same God in mind.

ROBIN D. S. HIGHAM
University of Massachusetts.

ENCOUNTER

October issue includes

Richard Wollheim
OLD IDEAS AND NEW MEN
Some reflections on the debate between Left and Right in Britain

★

Two long stories by
V. S. Pritchett *and*
Edmund Wilson

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POPISH PLOTS

SIR,—Mr. Waugh may well wish to "quit" the controversy he has raised; but he will not do so on his own terms or quite as "cheerfully" as he pretends.

(1) The Spanish Inquisition did not last 600 years, and this gross error is not improved by the petty evasions of Mr. Waugh's last letter, in which he furtively shuffles two institutions together under one vague term. A man who cannot distinguish the Spanish from the Roman Inquisition would be wise to keep silent on the subject.

(2) The vital part played by converts in the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition is a well-known fact. Mr. Waugh does not know it and will not believe it unless I answer his sneers by producing a list of names. I really do not care what Mr. Waugh believes or disbelieves, nor do I feel disposed to answer every ill-mannered demand from one who troubles himself so little about the truth. Why does he not make some effort to discover the facts before exposing himself? In the work of the distinguished Spanish historian Señor Américo Castro he would find names enough to make even him wish he had kept silent.

(3) Mr. Waugh's sole excuse for all this exhibitionism is an alleged howler by me. I am alleged to have written that the Jesuit missionaries in Elizabethan England gave "specific training" (i.e., in canon law, etc.) to would-be inquisitors. I wrote no such thing. I wrote that the missionaries, though themselves "no doubt genuinely unpolitical," were intended by their superiors to build up, by conversion, "a nucleus" of such future administrators, councillors, inquisitors, as a later Catholic government would need: i.e., to make converts in the classes from which such officials could be drawn. Why does Mr. Waugh not accuse me of saying that the missionaries gave "specific training" in administration and government, too? He should carry either his common sense, or his lack of it, the whole way.

(4) All this dust which Mr. Waugh has raised over one phrase, which he has chosen to misconstrue, is quite irrelevant to my article. That article was a reasoned critique of the historical method used by certain Catholic writers. It was clear and documented, and if there were misinterpretations in it, they could have been pointed out. None has been pointed out. But now Mr. Waugh, having sought to divert attention from this fact to himself, writes that it is "odd" that such "anti-Catholic agitation" should be allowed to appear, even in "corners" of the press. To him (it seems) a natural world is one in which Roman Catholic propagandists, having "a duty to make the truth known", can publish what they like, and no "anti-Catholic agitation" (i.e., no rational criticism of their utterances) is allowed to appear. Mr. Waugh's own letters show the sort of stuff that would then become "the truth."

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

SIR,—My own sad experience does not seem to me to bear out Mr. Evelyn Waugh's statement that "Roman Catholics are not merely wicked animals who defend themselves when attacked. They have a duty to make the truth known." For more than ten years now I have been asking Roman Catholics for an answer to my charge, made in your own paper in March 1945, that in 1943 and 1944 they dishonestly put forward belief in liberty of conscience as a Catholic principle or as Catholic teaching. So far as I know, my charge has never been answered except by banning me from the Roman Catholic press. The Roman Catholic authorities did not finally dispute with me at the time that my theology was right, but I was asked to keep silent while the public was being fooled with our false theology. I then resigned from work as a Roman Catholic priest; and I have been banned, but not answered, since.

JOHN V. SIMCOX

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GEORGE ORWELL

SIR,—There was a good deal of pretence in the writings of George Orwell. One example is this. He wrote a poetical attack on pacifists and conscientious objectors in the *Tribune* some years ago. He was quite entitled to do this, but one odd feature of the poem was his complaint that some C.O. had expressed his views under a *nom de plume*. As I knew that George Orwell's real name was Eric Blair, I wrote a mild protest at this particular method of criticism. The letter was not published, the editor of the *Tribune* informing me that he had submitted my letter to George Orwell asking for leave to publish it, but Orwell had refused permission.

51, Linden Mansions, N.6. C. H. NORMAN

NEWS FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SIR,—Mr. Eisler's communication was the first encouraging sign from Czechoslovakia for a very long time. I am not referring to his exposition of the economic situation but to the admission of what, in a considerable understatement, is called "violations of the democratic principle." After all, these violations included, *inter alia*, the extortion of confessions of fictitious crimes, and the hanging and jailing of the accused during the terror of 1952–53.

What one would like to see now is the speedy making of amends. Of course, the dead cannot be brought to life again. But the many still imprisoned for these fictitious crimes should be released and rehabilitated forthwith, those responsible for the "violations of the democratic principle" should be punished, and *real* safeguards should be introduced against a repetition.

Morden, Surrey. K. FLEISCHER

GRIST FOR THE MILLERS

SIR,—Two weeks ago you referred to a "serious threat" to nutritional standards arising from the abolition of the 80 per cent. extraction rate, and from the "replacement" of national flour.

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You also spoke of the government being "faced by an attack from the Medical Research Council" but to the best of our knowledge no comment on the Cohen Panel findings, critical or otherwise, has, in fact, been made by the Medical Research Council.

SIDNEY DARK,
Press Officer
The Incorporated National Association
of British and Irish Millers, Ltd.

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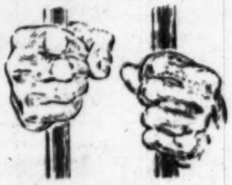

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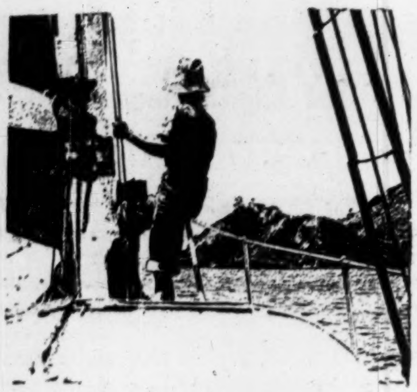

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THE TWO CULTURES

"It's rather odd," said G. H. Hardy, one afternoon in the early Thirties, "but when we hear about 'intellectuals' nowadays, it doesn't include people like me and J. J. Thomson and Rutherford." Hardy was the first mathematician of his generation, J. J. Thomson the first physicist of his; as for Rutherford, he was one of the greatest scientists who have ever lived. Some bright young literary person (I forget the exact context) putting them outside the enclosure reserved for intellectuals seemed to Hardy the best joke for some time. It does not seem quite such a good joke now. The separation between the two cultures has been getting deeper under our eyes; there is now precious little communication between them, little but different kinds of incomprehension and dislike.

The traditional culture, which is, of course, mainly literary, is behaving like a state whose power is rapidly declining—standing on its precarious dignity, spending far too much energy on Alexandrian intricacies, occasionally letting fly in fits of aggressive pique quite beyond its means, too much on the defensive to show any generous imagination to the forces which must inevitably reshape it. Whereas the scientific culture is expansive, not restrictive, confident at the roots, the more confident after its bout of Oppenheimerian self-criticism, certain that history is on its side, impatient, intolerant, creative rather than critical, good-natured and brash. Neither culture knows the virtues of the other; often it seems they deliberately do not want to know. The resentment which the traditional culture feels for the scientific is shaded with fear; from the other side, the resentment is not shaded so much as brimming with irritation. When scientists are faced with an expression of the traditional culture, it tends (to borrow Mr. William Cooper's eloquent phrase) to make their feet ache.

It does not need saying that generalisations of this kind are bound to look silly at the edges. There are a good many scientists indistinguishable from literary persons, and vice versa. Even the stereotype generalisations about scientists are misleading without some sort of detail—*e.g.*, the generalisation that scientists as a group stand on the political Left. This is only partly true. A very high proportion of engineers is almost as conservative as doctors; of pure scientists, the same would apply to chemists. It is only among physicists and biologists that one finds the Left in strength. If one compared the whole body of scientists with their opposite numbers of the traditional culture (writers, academics, and so on), the total result might be a few per cent. more towards the Left wing, but not more than that. Nevertheless, as a first approximation, the scientific culture is real enough, and so is its difference from the traditional. For anyone like myself, by education a scientist, by calling a writer, at one time moving between groups of scientists and writers in the same evening, the difference has seemed dramatic.

The first thing, impossible to miss, is that scientists are on the up and up; they have the strength of a social force behind them. If they are English, they share the experience common to us all—of being in a country sliding economically downhill—but in addition (and to many of them it seems psychologically more important) they belong to something more than a profession, to something more like a directing class of a new society. In a sense oddly divorced from politics, they are the new men. Even the staidest and most politically conservative of scientific veterans, lurking in dignity in their colleges, have some kind of link with the world to come. They do not hate it as their colleagues do; part of their mind is open to it; almost against their will, there is a residual glimmer of kinship there. The young English scientists may and do curse their luck; increasingly they fret about the rigidities of their universities, about the ossification of the traditional culture which, to the scientists, makes the universities cold and dead; they violently envy their Russian counterparts who have money and equipment without discernible limit, who have the whole field wide open. But still they stay pretty resilient: they are swept on by the same social force. Harwell and Winscale have just as much spirit as Los Alamos and Chalk River: the neat petty bourgeois houses, the tough and clever young, the crowds of children: they are symbols, frontier towns.

There is a touch of the frontier qualities, in fact, about the whole scientific culture. Its tone is, for example, steadily heterosexual. The difference in social manners between Harwell and Hampstead, or as far as that goes between Los Alamos and Greenwich Village, would make an anthropologist blink. About the whole scientific culture, there is an absence—surprising to outsiders—of the feline and oblique. Sometimes it seems that scientists relish speaking the truth, especially when it is unpleasant. The climate of personal relations is singularly bracing, not to say harsh: it strikes bleakly on those unused to it, who suddenly find that the scientists' way of deciding on action is by a full-dress argument, with no regard for sensibilities and no holds barred. No body of people ever believed more in dialectic as the primary method of attaining sense; and if you want a picture of scientists in their off-moments it could be just one of a knock-about argument. Under the argument there glitter egotisms as rapacious as any of ours: but, unlike ours, the egotisms are driven by a common purpose.

How much of the traditional culture gets through to them? The answer is not simple. A good many scientists, including some of the most gifted, have the tastes of literary persons, read the same things, and read as much. Broadly, though, the infiltration is much less. History gets across to a certain extent, in particular social history: the sheer mechanics of living, how men ate, built, travelled, worked, touches a good many scientific imaginations, and so they have fastened on such works as Trevelyan's *Social History*, and Professor Gordon Childe's books. Philosophy, the scientific culture views with indifference, especially metaphysics. As Rutherford said cheerfully to Samuel Alexander: "When you think of all the years you've been talking about those things, Alexander, and what does it all add up to? *Hot air*, nothing but *hot air*." A bit less exuberantly, that is what contemporary scientists would say. They regard it as a major intellectual virtue, to know what not to think about. They might touch their hats to linguistic analysis, as a relatively honourable way of wasting time; not so to existentialism.

The arts? The only one which is cultivated among scientists is music. It goes both wide and deep; there may possibly be a greater density of musical appreciation than in the traditional culture. In comparison, the graphic arts (except architecture) score little, and poetry not at all. Some novels work their way through, but not as a rule the novels which literary persons set most value on. The two cultures have so few points of contact that the diffusion of novels shows the same sort of delay, and exhibits the same oddities, as though they were getting into translation in a foreign country. It is only fairly recently, for instance, that Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh have become more than names. And, just as it is rather startling to find that in Italy Bruce Marshall is by a long shot the best-known British novelist, so it jolts one to hear scientists talking with attention of the works of Nevil Shute. In fact, there is a good reason for that: Mr. Shute was himself a high-class engineer, and a book like *No Highway* is packed with technical stuff that is not only accurate but often original. Incidentally, there are benefits to be gained from listening to intelligent men, utterly removed from the literary scene and unconcerned as to who's in and who's out. One can pick up such a comment as a scientist once made, that it looked to him as though the current preoccupations of the New Criticism, the extreme concentration on a tiny passage, had made us curiously insensitive to the total flavour of a work, to its cumulative effects, to the epic qualities in literature. But, on the other side of the coin, one is just as likely to listen to three of the most massive intellects in Europe happily discussing the merits of *The Wallet of Kai-Lung*.

When you meet the younger rank-and-file of scientists, it often seems that they do not read at all. The prestige of the traditional culture is high enough for some of them to make a gallant shot at it. Oddly enough, the novelist whose name to them has become a token of esoteric literary excellence is that difficult highbrow Dickens. They approach him in a grim and dutiful spirit as though tackling *Finnegan's Wake*, and feel a sense of achievement if they manage to read a book through. But most young technicians do not fly so high. When you ask them what they read—"As a married man," one says, "I prefer the garden." Another says: "I always like just to use my books as tools." (Difficult to resist speculating what kind of tool a book would make. A sort of hammer? A crude digging instrument?)

That, or something like it, is a measure of the incommunicability of the two cultures. On their side the scientists are losing a great deal. Some of that loss is inevitable: it must and would happen in any society at our technical level. But in this country we make it quite unnecessarily worse by our educational patterns. On the other side, how much does the traditional culture lose by the separation?

I am inclined to think, even more. Not only practically—we are familiar with those arguments by now—but also intellectually and morally. The intellectual loss is a little difficult to appraise. Most scientists would claim that you cannot comprehend the world unless you know the structure of science, in particular of physical science. In a sense, and a perfectly genuine sense, that is true. Not to have read *War and Peace* and *La Cousine Bette* and *La Chartreuse de Parme* is not to be educated; but so is not to have a glimmer of the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Yet that case ought not to be pressed too far. It is more justifiable to say that those without any scientific understanding miss a whole body of experience: they are rather like the tone deaf, from whom all musical experience is cut off and who have to get on without it. The intellectual invasions of science are, however, penetrating deeper. Psycho-analysis once looked like a deep invasion, but that was a false alarm; cybernetics may turn out to be the real thing, driving down into the problems of will and cause and motive. If so, those who do not understand the method will not understand the depths of their own cultures.

But the greatest enrichment the scientific culture could give us is—though it does not originate like that—a moral one. Among scientists, deep-natured men know, as starkly as any men have known, that the individual human condition is tragic; for all its triumphs and joys, the essence of it is loneliness and the end death. But what they will not admit is that, because the individual condition is tragic, therefore the social condition must be tragic, too. Because a man must die, that is no excuse for his dying before his time and after a servile life. The impulse behind the scientists drives them to limit the area of tragedy, to take nothing as tragic that can conceivably lie within men's will. They have nothing but contempt for those representatives of the traditional culture who use a deep insight into man's fate to obscure the social truth—or to do something pettier than obscure the truth, just to hang on to a few perks. Dostoevski sucking up to the Chancellor Pobedonostsev, who thought the only thing wrong with slavery was that there was not enough of it; the political decadence of the *avant garde* of 1914, with Ezra Pound finishing up broadcasting for the Fascists; Claudel agreeing sanctimoniously with the Marshal about the virtue in others' suffering; Faulkner giving sentimental reasons for treating Negroes as a different species. They are all symptoms of the deepest temptation of the clerks—which is to say: "Because man's condition is tragic, everyone ought to stay in their place, with mine as it happens somewhere near the top." From that particular temptation, made up of defeat, self-indulgence, and moral vanity, the scientific culture is almost totally immune. It is that kind of moral health of the scientists which, in the last few years, the rest of us have needed most; and of which, because the two cultures scarcely touch, we have been most deprived.

C. P. SNOW

The Soviet Paradox

Russia Without Stalin. By EDWARD CRANKSHAW. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

This important and timely book must be particularly fascinating to anyone who has lately paid even a brief visit to the Soviet Union. Again and again, as I read it, I thought: "Yes, it was just like that." Now and again I felt: "But that's not quite right"—and recalled some incident, from my own limited experience, directly contradictory to an incident quoted by Mr. Crankshaw.

For instance, he describes at length his arrival at Moscow Airport and his journey into the city in an Intourist car driven by an inexperienced and stupid chauffeur who did not know the way. Now, almost everybody who has been to Russia has had irritating experiences of this kind; swapping them is a favourite pastime of tourists and delegates. But it so happens that, when I arrived at Moscow Airport two months ago, things went smoothly and the chauffeur was efficient; and of perhaps a dozen Intourist chauffeurs who drove me in the following five weeks, only one seemed as incompetent as Mr. Crankshaw's. Does either experience prove anything? Is Mr. Crankshaw's more significant than mine?

This may seem a trivial point to labour in reviewing a book that makes a serious attempt to sum up the present state of Russia. It is, none the less, legitimate, for two reasons: Mr. Crankshaw does attach a great symbolic value to this single introductory anecdote (it takes up most of his first chapter, ending with the ironic reflection, "I had indeed come home") and, more fundamentally, his method seems to consist mainly in the accumulation of particular examples and in the construction from these of formidable generalisations. Apart from personal observation during his visit to the Soviet Union last year (his first visit since the war, during which he was attached to the British Military Mission in Moscow), many, perhaps most, of these examples are taken from the Soviet press, of which he has been for many years an extraordinarily close student.

Generalisations are not necessarily invalid. If they are based on a sufficient sample, they command confidence. I do not know how many Soviet newspapers Mr. Crankshaw studies regularly; not being a statistician, I do not know how many he would have to study to be able safely to generalise about life in a country of 200 million inhabitants. His method *may* be all right, but it obviously has its dangers. It is necessarily a selective method: it requires freedom from conscious or unconscious bias in the selector. It would be unsafe for a foreigner to build up a picture of life in Britain mainly from cuttings from the British national and provincial press; but Mr. Crankshaw could, I think, argue that it is less true of the Soviet than of the British press that it is the exceptional and unusual that makes news, and that if certain phenomena are widely reported in the Soviet press, then those phenomena are of frequent and widespread occurrence.

He does, indeed, show himself aware of the dangers of his method. After thirty-six pages of vivid description of instances of corruption and racketeering, idleness and snobbery, drunkenness and hooliganism, he adds: "To give the impression that corruption and racketeering, idleness and snobbery, drunkenness and hooliganism, dominate the Soviet scene is the last thing I want to do". But the vivid description naturally remains in the reader's mind when he has forgotten the mild disclaimer.

I question any of Mr. Crankshaw's findings with diffidence. He is an expert on the Soviet Union; I am not. He speaks Russian; I do not. I therefore do not venture to condemn outright his method or the generalisations he gets by it (with some of which I agree). But I must record that my observations do not agree at all points with his. There is a good deal of "hooliganism" in Russia, but it is now an absurd exaggeration to imply that it is hardly safe for respectable citizens to walk home alone at night, and to say "hooliganism is everywhere". Possibly the severe penalties mentioned by Mr. Crankshaw have brought about some improvement in the year that has passed since his visit.

Timely as it is, indeed, his book would be more valuable still if he had written it a year later and could have made a fuller assessment of the dramatic changes that nave followed the Twentieth Congress. Naturally, he makes the best of this misfortune by claiming that Mr. Krushchev's speech at that Congress (which took place when the book was nearly finished) simply confirmed the book's general argument. The claim is justified; but Mr. Crankshaw could not then foresee all the actual consequences of the Congress, and he will have to write another book, or expand this one, pretty soon.

With these (rather substantial) reservations, I commend the book warmly to all who would like to get the "feel" of Russia as it really is. Mr. Crankshaw's writing is like the best journalism: his profiles of Soviet leaders, his description of Orthodox devotion at Zagorsk, which is obviously

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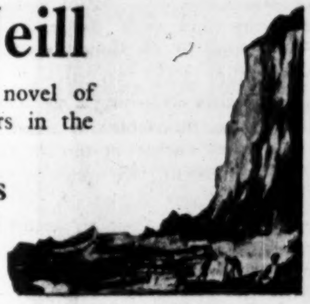

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HUTCHINSON
GREAT PORTLAND STREET W.1.

almost as unpalatable to him as to the prim young Communist girls he saw scrutinising it ("... the stink, the sweet music, the groaning genuflexions ..."), and his account of an episode of barbarous and luxurious cruelty in which he unwillingly took part—all these, and much else too, are most memorable.

He writes with pity and with passionate indignation of the sufferings of the Russian people: then an evident sense of fairness pulls him up, and he explains how enormous the problems confronting the Soviet leaders have been. He pays a tribute to Stalin's great qualities more handsome than any likely to appear in Russia now. He will suddenly come out with an unexpectedly astringent political judgment, such as his reference to "the positive idiocy of the Western attitude to the Soviet Union." He is acute on the revival and revision of Leninist doctrine, on the vast confusion of the Soviet bureaucracy, and on the failure of "conditioning." (Many people in the West assumed that the younger Russians, having grown up under Stalinism, would be the most inflexibly rigid and doctrinaire of all: an Englishman who has lived for five years in the Soviet Union confirmed to me Mr. Crankshaw's discovery that they have a more spirited critical sense than their elders.) There is an enthralling chapter on the "thaw" in Soviet literature: how it began, its strange course, and the "complicated and entirely fluid" situation three years after Stalin's death.

Perhaps the most important passage in the book is a historical judgment that should be required reading for politicians and strategists in the West, particularly in Washington:

> The Soviet Union is more literate, more healthy, more developed in every way than the old Tsarist Empire. Its industrial achievements are stupendous, its cultural achievements, in spite of the regimentation of the mind, very much to be admired. ... It was the Soviet system, and no other, which released the immense potential, frozen for so long, of the Russian people. ... Too many people in the West talk of the Soviet regime as though it were simply a party programme. But in fact it is now in its best aspects taken almost wholly for granted, like Parliamentarianism in Britain, or the Constitution in the United States. Both these last are constantly modified in practice by changing emphasis and values. So it is with the Soviet regime. ...

In many ways, then, this is a paradoxical book—echoing, indeed, the supreme paradox of the Soviet Union: how on earth did they, the Russians, do it? This is one of the most compelling arguments for Socialism: if it has succeeded so far as it has in Russia, despite the enormous handicap of peasant obstinacy, the Russian temperament, and wartime devastation, how much more could it succeed among the comparatively literate people of an advanced industrial nation. But I mustn't seem to attribute such notions to Mr. Crankshaw.

TOM DRIBERG

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The Great Romance

The Heart has its Reasons. By THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR. *Michael Joseph.* 30s.

What, one reflects, a *coup* it would have been in—say—1938, had the Duchess of Windsor, or agent, telephoned the eager magazines, the high-bidding Sunday newspapers and the publishers with capital, to tell that she was telling all. Eighteen years later, you pick up the Memoirs with a yawn, and a merely mild tickle of curiosity. Because the Great Romance—which seemed, even at the time, to lack something of what made the Great Nineteenth-Century Romances tick and titillate—looks old and tired, and because, of course, you take it for granted that, if it has taken eighteen years to get this stuff ready for publication, the things you really wanted to know about it all have certainly been deterged. In this general attitude you would be mistaken.

There is nothing in the Duchess's account of her life and hard times which could, justifiably, make much of an exclusive sensation for any authentically mass newspaper. And yet, despite the lack of "disclosures" (in the late edition sense of the term), and the footsore plod-plod of the style, the serious student has here a really fair chance of understanding about 20 per cent. of what happened. And a chance of understanding the same amount about the social conditions which submerged that so widely popular King.

In fact, the book is full of "disclosures" in the true sense, most of them contained in the first three chapters entitled *A Baltimore Childhood, Navy Wife,* and *I Marry an Englishman.* I do not recall that anyone, at the time of the row, ever wrote truthfully the story of that Baltimore childhood. The mouth-foaming critics and heart-throbbing supporters of the Mrs. Simpson of 1936 would both have been on a better wicket had they been able to understand just what that background was. The Duchess describes it in truthful detail. Truthful in every sense, because on the one hand it appears likely that she is putting on a bit of dog about the "Virginia Montagues"—so poor but so debonair, so cavalierly Old South—and on the other the fact that she does prance a bit is entirely in character with those bucks, belles and beauties. She gives a picture of that society —in Baltimore and in Washington—which seems to me to make rather nonsense of the questions so often asked at the time of the Abdication. Questions such as, "Is this the deliberate intrigue of an unscrupulous American hussy?" or "Is this Love v. Bishops?"

On the very verge of the Abdication crisis, when her Aunt Bessie from Baltimore came over, the Duchess records that

> casual as she tried to be, her conversation brought home to me as nothing else had done before, the lengths to which the American press had gone in its reporting of the King's interest in me. However, Aunt Bessie's account of some of these stories was not without its humour. My Warfield relations, she said, were not half so concerned over me as they were over the wild canards being circulated that my family had come from the wrong side of the tracks in Baltimore, that my mother had run a boarding-house. "You'd think," said Aunt Bessie with some heat, "that we'd all come right out of *Tobacco Road*."

It was an impression widely spread, at the time, in Britain, too. A false one—and entirely typical of the general muddle of Anglo-American relations, and in particular of almost frenzied snobbery with which (at least in 1936), English Society regarded Americans who seemed to be getting into the game without so much as a couple of million dollars; nothing but some kind of vivacity and warmth which, rightly or wrongly, the King had hitherto found in short supply on the upper slopes of London.

The person who comes least happily out of this book—and it is a sad sort of climax to the Great Romance—is the Duke of Windsor. Even her first husband, a familiar type of American Service alcoholic who used to lock her in the bathroom and go off for hours on the booze, did in the end seem to have some blurred understanding of the state of the score, of the consequences of a given action. And Mr. Simpson appears to have been a kind, prim sort of man who probably made the initial mistake of supposing that the nearer you got to Fort Belvedere in 1936, the nearer you got to the "real" England of Henry James and points preceding. He adjusted his focus fairly quickly. But whether as Prince of Wales or King, the Duke of Windsor emerges, on the evidence of the Duchess, as a man who—tragically or farcically, according to your mood—understood almost nothing of the operations of the powerhouse in which he was, after all, an important and potentially powerful piece of machinery.

The Duchess, of course, knew nothing of English society or the British constitution. And it is hard to see how she could be blamed for not giving the King evening classes on these subjects. It was not, one would suppose, her function. It might have been the King's function to sort these things out, and from time to time give her some good advice. None, so far as one can see, was ever given. But then as one reads this account of the King's days and ways, one feels not at all inclined to blame him. What chance had he—what chance would anybody of a lesser calibre than, say, Albert the Good—have had to find out, in the circumstances in which he lived, what the modern world was about?

So that the climax, when it came, must have produced in him a reaction rather like that of the late Gustav of Saxony when, in November, 1917, he was told that the populace had hoisted the red flag in the central square of Dresden and were dancing round it singing the *Internationale*.

"Are they allowed to do that?" queried Gustav, and immediately thereafter abdicated, with the words "All right, sit in your own muck alone."

CLAUD COCKBURN

High and Hardy

Mountain Flowers. By JOHN RAVEN and MAX WALTERS. *Collins.* 25s.

Apart from their charm, mountain flowers excite a curiosity about their manner of life; they live in exposed places, where one would hardly expect them to survive at all, and yet like the alpines of the rock-garden they present a bright and cheerful appearance, which often puts their lowland relations to shame. Those who have seen them in any quantity will agree "they throw a comparative shade over the vegetation of the plains". Unfortunately the rambler sees little of them, our mountains offering no such floral displays as the Alps. The writers themselves admit the monotony of many extensive districts, which is put down in part to the grazing of sheep. And one of them quotes the rule, "Mountains which are good for climbers are bad for botanists, and vice versa". Ben Lawers might seem good for both, yet the rambler could go up and down it and see little more than a few orchids and mountain pansies and perhaps a patch of the lovely moss campion, which Wordsworth warns him not to uproot. This book, however, should

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divert his steps from the beaten track and open his eyes wider. Of course, it is for the bontanist the book is primarily intended, and as a volume in the *New Naturalist* series its value for him may be taken for granted. Yet the problems it discusses, those, for example, which relate to the restricted occurrence of certain plants, the layman will follow with interest and enlightenment. He will appreciate the way Dr. Walters collects and sifts evidence, as when he investigates the claim for the per-glacial survival of a few species. And he will learn the reason for many things, why some plants form cushions or rosettes, and why almost all arctic-alpine plants are perennials.

While the first part of the book is largely theoretical, the second, "Regional", is descriptive and perhaps of more general interest. We are taken on a number of jerky excursions from Snowdon and the Pennines to the mountains of Angus and Sutherland. We visit cliffs and ravines, very damp and not without danger, and are shown such botanical rarities as the blue sow-thistle, which grows only where deer cannot reach its luxuriant foliage, and the drooping saxifrage, which has never been known even in Arctic regions to produce fruit or seed. If we do not lose our horn-rimmed glasses like the botanist of whom an amusing story is told, we shall observe that the awn of a grass, *Alopecurus alpinus*, has the colour of a thunder-cloud. But our special privilege is to see and be told about the three new plants, which no doubt go back almost to the Ice Age but were discovered only in the last few years. One is *Koenigia islandica*, and as to its whereabouts Mr. Raven for once is not reticent, for there is plenty of it and no-one but a botanist would condescend to pick so tiny a plant. It grows on the Storr in Skye, and if the plant disappoints, we are assured that the ridge walk from there to the Quirang is unsurpassed in Britain. *Diapensia lapponica* also grows on a ridge, which is not far from Glenfinnan. Its unusual colours give it great charm, but the scene is different from the Storr with its sublime view of earth, sea and sky; the surrounding mountains have so desolate an appearance that most of us will decline Mr. Raven's earnest appeal to explore them in the hope of making a new discovery. *Artemisia norvegica* grows in a district which, if possible, is "more hauntingly lovely than the Northern tip of Skye". Evidently a very selective plant, it is known in only two other places on the earth, which makes it of special interest to the botanist, and even to the layman. Certainly one, who has read this book with great interest and admiration and who imagines he might identify the plant from one of its excellent photographs, has already fixed the time and place of his next year's holiday: early July at Inchnadamph.

ANDREW YOUNG

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Endymion Revisited

The Mask of Keats. By ROBERT GITTINGS. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Mr. Gittings's new book of biographical speculations brings to the surface the query: what, after all, do we really think about Keats? For the last sixty years or so the poet's name has been invested with the kind of magic that paralyses opinion. For many people, the reverent air of the grave still hangs about his verse; he might be hardly a week dead. Are there streaks of vulgarity in his poems? It seems unfair to notice them. And yet there is an undercurrent of doubt, not about Keats's position, but about one's personal share in maintaining it.

The main trouble is a conflict of truths, only half of which conform to any given image. Keats was Adonais. He was the author of the Odes. He was also a Regency young man with no dislike for brutal humour, racy stories and puns. He had a taste for soft and deliquescent images ("pulpy lips," "jellies soother than the creamy curd") which are quite horrible to encounter suddenly in a poem. He died young (which is romantic); but he was deeply unlucky, as a writer, in dying at so raw an age. Of all the major writers of the world—novelists, playwrights, poets—hardly one, except Rimbaud, has written anything of more than potential interest by his early twenties. Most of Keat's work, then, was really juvenilia, which he would have been the first to put behind him; for he was highly intelligent, and did not cherish his own mistakes. But he had what very few ever have—the kind of genius that overflows into his life, so that every move or meeting in it is significant. This brings us back at once to Mr. Gittings.

The Mask of Keats is a very much slighter work than *The Living Year* (which did so much to shatter the earlier masks): it consists of ten essays, most of them short. One, for instance, is about the little-known death mask of the poet. (Seen in the frontispiece it is remarkably beautiful—perhaps the most convincing impression of Keats that exists.) Severn's portrait in the National Gallery, Mr. Gittings points out, is based on this mask and on casts of the poet's hand and foot; thus it is actually a portrait of a dead man. An ingenious essay *Most Enormous Caf* traces a link with *Vathek*; another hints at a lost poem *The Hyacinth* ("When you are in a humour," writes Taylor's cousin Mary in 1817, "please write me out Keats's hyacinth.") At that date, though, it is unlikely that the poem was good. Of the two long essays, one is on Keats and Dante. More interesting is the other, on the meaning of Keats's last poem, the unfinished *Cap and Bells*. This curious mock-allegorical fancy does not often rouse attention, but it is the one link between the old Keats and the new, who did not live; and it has in its way a tonic quality after the heavily charged atmosphere of the other narrative poems. In spite of its preposterous fairyland setting it seems, for once, closer to life in Regency London than to books. (The terrifying and under-valued *Ode to Fanny*—"Physician Nature, let my spirit blood"—is one of the few serious poems that have the same effect.) Mr. Gittings's comment, that Keats in the *Cap and Bells* is for once the Keats of the letters, is most shrewd.

The most perplexing aspect of Mr. Gittings's work is his "method." He apparently starts from an assumption and works backwards; there is often a distinct touch of *trompe l'œil* about the evidence he marshals—for the most part similar passages from dated and undated material. But there is an air of rightness about his conclusions. And, as a biographer, he is neither possessive nor inflamed. This is an essential difference between Mr. Gittings and his very important predecessor in the same field, Mr. Middleton Murry. The gap between *Keats and Shakespeare* and *The Living Year* is a long one; about thirty years. And although the space between has contained excellent work in biography (Miss Hewlett), academic criticism (Mr. Ridley), factual research (Mr. Hyder Rollins), these and other studies were long-term affairs, not much related to the feeling of the time. The general impression is one of silence. Reaction to Keats, one feels, must have been stunned into insensibility for years by Mr. Murry's emotional assault.

It is fair to say that Mr. Murry's spirited attack last year on Mr. Gittings's methods contains some truth. But Mr. Murry always writes best when he cares least, and in this case he cares very much. What spoils his arguments is that they are made for the wrong reasons. His identification of himself with the main characters in Keats's story makes him look on any defection (such as Keats's relationship with Mrs. Isabella Jones) as a personal betrayal if not as an act of personal guilt. Mr. Gittings, a more equable admirer, and a far less embarrassing champion, has no such pangs.

Which, then, is the Keats we wish to see? Mr. Murry's Keats, the intense and angry poet whom many of us took so seriously at the age of sixteen, now seems an insufferable fellow. Mr. Gittings, on the other hand, has broken the long spell of awe; his Keats—though hardly less marvellous than Mr. Murry's—did have his roots in the eighteenth century. He has, in fact, provided a suitable image of the poet for our time. It should be said that *The Mask of Keats* adds little to his earlier book, but it is agreeable to read, especially by those for whom the dating of a poem is an interesting but not an earnest matter.

NAOMI LEWIS

Galloping Tintypes

Sunshine and Shadow. By MARY PICKFORD. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Mary Pickford (née, in Toronto, Gladys Smith) came to films, in 1909, as a seasoned actress. Her father's early death had swept her and her impoverished family into the American theatre, where her talents and prettiness soon built up a merry bank balance. She played Little Eva, Little Willie in *East Lynne*, and gamely started off nineteen weeks of one-night stands with *The Fatal Wedding*, in Pottsville. She was eventually engaged (and re-christened) by the great David Belasco, gracious Frances Starr opining "My little dear, under the Maestro's guiding hand you will go far." But Miss Pickford slipped, in due course, this distinguished hand and applied for work at the Biograph Studios.

Her introduction there was chilling: "You're too little and too fat, but I may give you a chance. My name is Griffith." D. W. Griffith (surely the W stood for Wark and not, as here, Ward?) soon saw her rewarding possibilities and she played a ten-year-old in *Her First Biscuits*, a misled choir girl in *To Save Her Soul*, a dusky maiden or two (in which roles "Mr. Griffith seemed to favor me") and while busy with *The Violin Maker of Cremona* she met her first husband, Owen Moore. Miss Pickford had a short, sharp way with criticism. Informed by Griffith that she was acting like a piece of wood, "I reached down and bit him—the first and last time I have bitten anyone." Griffith was full of invention, but the first close-up of Mary Pickford was not a success with the

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"Impossible to read without laughing . . . it has an indescribably pungent flavour." *Observer.*
"A first-rate writer, he gives exactly the feeling of working a tall sailing ship; the crew go on living when the book is closed." *Times Lit. Supp.*
Illustrated. 21s.

SECKER & WARBURG

Biograph directors: "We're paying this girl one hundred dollars a week, and we want to see all of her, including her feet."

The marriage with the thirsty Mr. Moore was as unpopular ("Mother cried for three days and nights") with the bride as with anybody and eventually Miss Pickford gave him the choice between her and the bottle, Mr. Moore opting instantly for the liquid assignment. But unhappiness could be partially forgotten in the rapidly expanding film business, the Biograph ranks having been now swelled by Blanche Sweet, Mabel Normand, and "a Miss Mae Marsh" (fresh from the lining counter of Bullock's Department Store).

"There will never be any real money in these galloping tintypes," William C. de Mille wrote to David Belasco, but that was by no means Miss Pickford's view. Under those golden curls the World's Sweetheart sheltered quite a cute little business head. She went, quite unashamedly, to wherever the cash fell thickest. By the age of nineteen she was earning 500 dollars a week, and then worked rapidly up through the thousands to the staggering figure of 10,000 dollars a week ("These increases did not come voluntarily from Mr. Zukor"). For these gigantic sums, she had to appear in an endless succession of juvenile roles, Rebecca (of Sunnybrook Farm) at the age of 22, and she was 27 when she took off Little Lord Fauntleroy. When called upon to play a girl of 8 or 9, the scenery and furniture were suitably increased in size, and lamp-post actors engaged.

Then there came marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, a stand-in called Crete Sykle, a glass-enclosed Rolls-Royce ("the last word in daintiness"), and triumphant European tours, with an excited Russian photographer shouting "Mariuska, I lof you" between snaps. In England the crowds tended to get out of hand ("I say, please unhand the little lady, won't you?").

The early experiences and techniques of the silent film make this a very absorbing and recommendable autobiography. It is embellished with many enchanting stills which bring back at once those deliriously thrilling flickerings and the demented pianist beyond the brass curtain-rings.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

One-man Show

Modern English Painters. By JOHN ROTHENSTEIN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 35s.

This lively and provocative volume, a sequel to one on a slightly earlier generation of artists which appeared in 1952, consists of a series of essays devoted to English painters (the last of whom, surprisingly enough, is Henry Moore) who happen to have been born between about 1884 and the end of the last century. Dates of birth determine both the choice of subjects and sequence of essays. If one reads the book from cover to cover as one is invited to do, one finds oneself jumping about, from Wyndham Lewis to Duncan Grant, back to Innes, on to Lowry, back to Paul Nash, and only after Nash does one reach Nevinson and Wadsworth who belong in spirit back with Lewis; snippets from the history of Vorticism and Cubism are scattered, uncoordinated, throughout the book; then one finds Gertler sandwiched, by an accident of birth, between Stanley and Gilbert Spencer; and one looks about in vain for Matthew Smith, only to remember that he came into the first volume, having been born too soon, although all his surviving work was produced after Innes, who is included in this one, was dead. One cannot get away from treating the book as a succession of disconnected scraps. And though this was all that the author seems to have intended, it leads to some confusion in the reader's mind. For by isolating the individual contribution of minor painters such as these, the author presents an exaggerated impression of their uniqueness, of their preciousness. This is the insidious influence on criticism of the "one man show," the reputations that have to be built up separately. The only way of arriving at a reasonably objective view of a period in art is to start from the other end: to make attitudes of mind the chief chapter headings—for this particular period, Cubism, Vorticism, Futurism, Abstract Art—and then only to proceed to differentiate the painters within the various groups.

But Sir John, on his own admission, makes no attempt at an objective assessment, thereby disarming criticism; and I cannot do more than say that I disagree with his views with passion, while admitting that he has a right to his just as much as I have to mine. When, for instance, he writes of a picture by Stanley Spencer (which in his opinion is by no means one of the best, being "in comparison with the best of the artist's earlier works overcrowded, loose in composition, imperfectly focused") "it seems to me to be one of the great pictures of this century," I think of the late Cézanne landscapes, the Negro and Analytical Cubist Picasso, the Matisses of 1916-17, *Guernica*, the late Braque *Ateliers*, and can only goggle.

On one important point, it is not merely a matter of taking one's choice, not just one man's feelings against another's: this is Sir John's attack, in his essays on Lewis and Grant, on what he calls the "Bloomsburys." Few people suspected, he claims,

> how ruthless and businesslike were their methods [or] the lengths to which some of these people . . . were prepared to go in order to ruin, utterly, not only the 'reactionary' figures whom they publicly denounced, but young painters and writers who showed themselves too independent to come to terms with . . . the current 'party line,' which varied from month to month.

There was "nothing in the way of slander and intrigue" to which certain of the Bloomsburys were not willing to descend; hatreds were pursued "with so much malevolence"—but I have quoted enough to show that very serious charges are brought against a group of people, many of whom are still living. My own view is that seldom in the history of England have truth and intellectual integrity been cultivated with such intensity as by Bloomsbury. But this is not my objection to Sir John's statements; I will change my mind if he can show me I am wrong. I object to his failure to bring any evidence whatever to substantiate these charges. If it is argued that the evidence is libellous, then it is unfair to make accusations until the evidence can also be brought forward in support.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

Up With the Bannock

The Constance Spry Cookery Book. By C. SPRY and R. HUME. *Dent.* 50s.

Home Cookery Book. By JEAN CONIL. *Methuen.* 30s.

Real French Cooking. By SAVARIN. *Faber.* 25s.

The Scottish Cookery Book. By ELIZABETH CRAIG. *Deutsch.* 18s.

Carefree Cookery. By MONICA MAWSON. *Heinemann.* 15s.

Country Fare. By M. AYLETT. *Odhams.* 8s. 6d.

Cheeses of the World. By ANDRÉ SIMON. *Faber.* 30s.

Britain's Wild Larder. By CLAIRE LOEWENFELD. *Faber.* 21s.

How strange it is, considering the low level of cooking in this country, that large, sumptuous and expensive cookery books pour without ceasing from our publishers. Who buys them? Who profits by them? It is almost as though we had abandoned the practice of cookery for the pleasure of reading about it, like those envious people who read nothing but books about love. Or perhaps it is, with the disappearance of the domestic cook, that we nurse an undying hope that a book will do instead. Yes, of course, that's it; a symptom of the growing strength of do-it-yourself.

But if so, how intimidating these lordly volumes are! I imagine *The Constance Spry Cookery Book* being bought all over the place for innumerable brides, and my heart bleeds to think of what it will do. Its authors are devout exponents of *haute cuisine*. They believe in doing nothing the easy way. If they make a parsley sauce the parsley has to be boiled, drained, pressed, and rubbed through a fine wire sieve, and this leads, as everyone knows, to alarm and despondency. Still, to be fair to the expert compilers of this huge tome, they have aimed (in part, at least) at a specialised audience. They each command a fashionable cookery school, and have wished to put all their knowledge together for the sake of their students. Armed with this book, like a religious with her Rule, the Winkfield or Cordon Bleu graduate is considered to be equipped to face the world. Happy the husbands who marry such ardour and knowledge! But for the novice, in spite of its fine presentation, explicit photographs and inspired atmosphere the whole thing is frightening. It is meant for that dedicated body of women who long to retire, like an enclosed order, to their kitchens. I wish I had one.

Jean Conil's *Home Cookery* is another book which, to my timid way of thinking, is more likely to dismay than to encourage. Again, it is splendidly and modishly produced, and has a surprising photograph of M. Conil cutting a piece of pie with a conjuror's triumph. But has he really found, or has he only heard, that Yorkshire Pudding takes only ten minutes to cook? A small point, and negligible compared with the high-class dishes he writes about so copiously, but all the same, damaging to confidence. Nor do I care for the gentleman who writes (what cheek!) under the name of "Savarin," a third of whose book consists (I quote the blurb) of "gay anecdotes, sonnets, doggerel verses, aphorisms, racy biographical snatches and pointed stories." I am tired of the gourmet and his insufferable mystique.

It's no good trying to run before you can walk, and by nature and tradition we are slow starters. Moreover, I believe that the British as a race are constitutionally rather bored with food, and that the only way to make them enjoy it is to revive that simple and excellent cuisine which was once our own. Its tradition has not yet died in the north, and Elizabeth Craig's *Scottish Cookery Book* will throw any northerner into a nostalgic trance. True, it has its affectations; it will deter some readers to be told to fire something and place it on a hot ashet, and some will recoil from turkey as Roastit Bubblyjock; but the truth of the matter is in it for all that. The recipes are *right*. More, they are wholesome and unsophisticated and just the sort of thing for a hungry family, which is what most of us have to care about in the long run. The Scotch are the only people in the world who know what glorious things can be done with haddock.

The same regard for quality and simplicity underlies Monica Mawson's *Carefree Cookery*, a practical guide to cooking meat which need frighten nobody. Mary Aylett's *Country Fare*, too, is modestly inspiring in the same way; an attempt to preserve farmhouse cooking before everyone has forgotten it. But why does Mrs. Aylett support the error that the meat in a modern beefsteak and kidney pie takes only as long to cook as the pastry crust? Those who have cooked their first pie under such instruction, and seen the rubber gobbets bounce on the plate, will not readily forgive.

I must mention two specialised books which are worth having—*Cheeses of the World* and *Britain's Wild Larder*, a book about fungus which reached me in the nick of time just when I was going to grub up an enormous sinister mass of coal-black trumpets which had appeared in the garden. Fortified by the illustrations and the text (which considerately steer you away from the Most Dangerous Deadly Death Cap and the Livid Entoloma) I cooked them instead, and we had them with chicken and rice. They have since come up all over the place in abundance, and we have eaten them, dried them, fed them to the children, and presented baskets to friends. Everyone, so far as I know, continues well.

MARGARET LANE

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'**It is full of life.**'—NEWS CHRONICLE *13s. 6d.*

COLLINS

Selected List of Autumn and Winter Books

THE books listed below are a selection from those which have been announced for publication between October 1956 and March 1957, excluding reprints and children's books. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for this period, as they have already appeared in our selected list of last spring. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

Jan Baesjou: The Vermeer Forgeries. *Bles.* 15*s.*
M. Brion (Intr.): The Bible in Art. *Phaidon.* 42*s.*
Kenneth Clark: The Nude. *Murray.* 50*s.*
Walter Erben: Marc Chagall. *Thames & Hudson.* 42*s.*
John Gloag: Georgian Grace. *Black.* 70*s.*
Philip Hendy: Italy: Paintings of Masaccio. *Zwemmer, for Unesco.* 110*s.*
Hubert Hoffman (Intr.): Modern German Architecture. *Architectural Press.* 50*s.*
Herbert Kuhn: The Rock Pictures of Europe. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 35*s.*
Herbert Read: The Art of Sculpture. *Faber.* 63*s.*
Margaret Whinney and Oliver Millar: English Art 1625–1714. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

Autobiography, Letters, Memoirs

Lord Beaverbrook: Men and Power: 1917–1918. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*
William Beckford: Life at Fonthill: 1807-1822. *Hart-Davis.* 30*s.*
Clive Bell: Old Friends. *Chatto.* 21*s.*
Samuel Chotzinoff: A Lost Paradise. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*
A. E. Coppard: It's Me, O Lord! *Methuen.* 22*s.* 6*d.*
Hugh Dalton: The Fateful Years: 1931–1945. *Muller.* 25*s.*
Christian Dior: Dior. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*
Gerald Durrell: My Family and Other Animals. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*
Edward Elgar: Letters. *Bles.* 42*s.*
Henry Goddard: Memoirs of a Bow Street Runner. *Museum.* 18*s.*
Lord Gorell: One Man, Many Parts. *Odhams.* 25*s.*
Gerald Hamilton: Mr. Norris and I. *Wingate.* 15*s.*
G. M. Hopkins (Ed. C. C. Abbot): Further Letters. *Oxford.* 50*s.*
Geoffrey Keynes (Ed.): Letters of William Blake. *Hart-Davis.* 50*s.*
H. M. Kisch (Ed. E. A. Waley Cohen): A Young Victorian in India. *Cape.* 25*s.*
Doris Lessing: Going Home. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*
David Low: Autobiography. *Michael Joseph.* 30*s.*
Arnold Lunn: Memory to Memory. *Hollis & Carter.* 25*s.*
Emily Lutyens (Ed.): The Birth of Rowland: Robert Lytton Letters. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*
Violet Markham: Friendship's Harvest. *Reinhardt.* 25*s.*
J. H. Newman (Ed. H. Tristram): Autobiographical Writings. *Sheed & Ward.* 18*s.*
Iris Origo: The Merchant of Prato. *Cape.* 35*s.*
John Petty: Five Fags a Day. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*
H. St. John B. Philby: Forty Years in the Wilderness. *Hale.* 25*s.*
Marcel Proust (Tr. George D. Painter): Letters to his Mother. *Rider.* 21*s.*
Sir George Rendel: The Sword and the Olive. *Murray.* 28*s.*
General Walter Schellenberg: Memoirs. *Deutsch.* 25*s.*
Leslie Stephen (Ed. S. O. A. Ullmann): Men, Books and Mountains. *Hogarth.* 18*s.*
Sir Charles Tennyson: Stars and Markets. *Chatto.* 21*s.*
Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey: Letters. *Chatto.* 18*s.*
Nora Wydenbruck: My Two Worlds. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Biography

Georgina Battiscombe: Mrs. Gladstone. *Constable.* 21*s.*
Mary C. Bromage: De Valera and the March of a Nation. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*
Joan Bulman: Jenny Lind. *Barrie.* 25*s.*
E. M. Butler: Heinrich Heine. *Hogarth.* 21*s.*
Michel Carrouges: Soldier of the Spirit (Charles de Foucauld): *Gollancz.* 18*s.*
Colin Cooke: Sir Stafford Cripps. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 30*s.*
Antony Dale: James Wyatt. *Blackwell.* 30*s.*
O. Dietrich: The Hitler I Knew. *Methuen.* 18*s.*
Alexander Dru: Péguy. *Harvill.* 15*s.*
David Ewen: A Journey to Greatness: Gershwin. *W. H. Allen.* 18*s.*
François Gauzi: My Friend Toulouse-Lautrec. *Spearman.* 16*s.*
L. and E. Hanson: The Tragic Life of Toulouse-Lautrec, 1864–1901. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*
Philip Henderson: The Life of Laurence Oliphant. *Hale.* 18*s.*
Patricia Hutchins: James Joyce's World. *Methuen.* 27*s.* 6*d.*
R. Bruce Lockhart: Jan Masaryk. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Moray McLaren: Lord Lovat of the '45. *Jarrolds.* 21*s.*
Mary Moorman: William Wordsworth: the Early Years. *Oxford.* 50*s.*
S. E. Morison: Christopher Columbus, Mariner. *Faber.* 21*s.*
Leonard Mosley: Castlerosse. *Barker.* 15*s.*
C. M. Mount: J. S. Sargent. *Cresset.* 25*s.*
James Oliver: Coventry Patmore. *Sheed & Ward.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Hesketh Pearson: Beerbohm Tree. *Methuen.* 21*s.*
Margaret R. B. Shaw: Laurence Sterne. *Richards.* 25*s.*
Robert Speaight: Hilaire Belloc. *Hollis & Carter.* 30*s.*
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

German Riddles

The shutters are up on "the German question". Though more people live in western Germany alone than in either France or England, Germany counts for nothing as a Great Power. The political news from Bonn reads like gossip from a small provincial town; and we turn impatiently to another page. Nobody cares what the Germans are doing, not even the Germans themselves. They work hard, go about their daily business, and give no thought to the morrow. To use Professor Vermeil's favourite word, they have been "atomised" out of politics. We can still work up some interest for what is happening in Japan or Tibet or Bulgaria. We follow enthralled the details of every school dispute in the United States and of every literary wrangle in the Soviet Union. Nor do we weary at the endlessly subtle manœuvres between Nenni and Saragat. But Germany . . . ? Heaven preserve us from such dead stuff. We have had too big a dose of German affairs, and we cannot swallow any more. We have been reading books about Germany for the last forty years: the Kaiser's Germany, Weimar Germany, Hitler's Germany, bad Germany, good Germany, revolutionary Germany, Fascist Germany; how to save her, how to ruin her. Now it is all over. We do not need to open any more books about Germany, at any rate not until some new shift in the world-constellation.

It is unfashionable, but also rather fun, to have a look at "the German problem" when there is nothing to be gained by it. What did we miss in those detestable, exciting years when the books came tumbling out too fast? What can we see now in the perspective of comparative indifference? German historians are not much use to us. Instead of studying the past, they have merely retreated into it as historians often do; and they seem anxious to show that nothing has happened so far as they are concerned in techniques, in understanding, or even in literary style, since the fall of Bismarck. They are intellectual teddy-boys, conscientiously reviving the outlook of 1900. English writers are not much better. We are all rather ashamed of having told the truth about German behaviour. We like to pretend now that it did not happen; and we try to treat the German past as much like the past of any other country. We agree with the Germans that Hitler was a bit of bad luck that might have happened to anyone; and we have almost got to the point of admitting that it was all our fault for not standing up to him in March 1936. At least that seems to be the view of those two assiduous students of history, Sir Anthony Eden and Sir Robert Boothby.

Perhaps a Frenchman can give us more help. Professor Vermeil has been an outstanding authority on Germany for the last thirty years. An earlier book of his on *Germany's Three Reichs* brought a flood of enlightenment to English readers. His new book* is also enlightening, though very tough going. He has not been well served by his English publisher and translator. The French original on *Contemporary Germany* had two volumes: the first from the fall of Germany to the establishment of the Republic; the second from 1918 to the present day. In English the first volume has been squeezed into an introduction of just over twenty pages. Sense and pattern have been destroyed; we are launched in mid-stream without knowing how we got there. As a minor, but substantial, criticism the dates are persistently misprinted; a reader who took them seriously would end in the madhouse. A return to sanity is not helped by Professor Vermeil's style and method of presentation. He has studied the Germans so long that he writes like one. The sentences are long and involved; the thought obscure. And when one sees a sentence in italics shining like a beacon-light ahead, it turns out on arrival to be either irrelevant or a commonplace. The Germans have imposed many sufferings on us; among them, having to read Professor Vermeil's books.

Yet read them we must, if we are to get any nearer to understanding the German past. What distinguishes Professor Vermeil is the attempt, not always successful, to treat German problems as a unity—not economic or social or political or literary, but the single "crisis" of a civilisation. The trouble with the Germans is that they are always being pulled together and always being torn apart. Set up any proposition about them, and it is at once knocked down by its opposite. For instance, Germany is an unmistakably Protestant country and yet profoundly Catholic. The two creeds do not compromise, do not modify each other, do not even cancel out; they remain in permanent antagonism. Again, Germany has been the most avowedly national community in Europe; yet local loyalties are stronger than anywhere else. It is of no great importance in France to be a Norman or in England to be a Yorkshireman (I have been mistaken for one); but every German is as much a Bavarian or a Rhinelander as he is a German. In fact there are no Germans pure and simple, not even the refugees. It is just the same in politics. You think you have got something straight, and then it turns upside down. Marx thought that the German working-class would be the most independent in Europe and that German Social Democracy would lead the International. So it did, but only to nowhere. The Social Democratic party grew to such a size that its leaders, and perhaps its followers, became terrified of doing anything. The only thing they ever did was to stop the revolution of 1918. If the party had been smaller, poorer, worse organised, the revolution might well have succeeded. The contradiction worked for Hitler also. Hitlerism did not succeed because the Germans were uneducated or uncivilised. It succeeded because they were highly educated, literate, politically conscious.

In fact the trouble with the Germans is that they can all read and that they take their reading seriously. They are for ever acting a part that they have read somewhere in print. Look, for instance, at Heinrich Mann's novel, *Der Untertan,* which describes a German businessman trailing around Europe simply in order to strengthen his Imperial devotion by staring at William II. It was impossible to talk to a German after 1919 without discovering an aggrieved man. He might be prosperous, healthy, happy in his private life; but he could not sleep at nights for thinking of the Polish Corridor. Professor Vermeil emphasises again and again the ruin which the Romantic movement caused to the Germans. They have never recovered from it. What is Romanticism in art, literature or politics? Simply a form of dressing-up. The wonderful photographs which Julia Cameron took of Victorian writers brings this out very well. Each one of them—Tennyson, Ruskin, Sir Henry Taylor—was a character-actor, imprisoned in his role. The Germans have prolonged this Romanticism into the twentieth century. People talk nonsense in every country, but only the Germans take it seriously. Anti-Semitism, for example, was not a German invention. The French started it as a modern political device; Chesterton and Belloc carried it on here. It needed the Germans to send five million Jews to the gas-chambers. Hitler, of course, was the supreme example. His so-called ideas are merely the disjointed ramblings of talk in a public-house; but Hitler put them in print, took them seriously, and counted on the Germans doing the same.

The Germans have had a rough time of it in the past—hence their escape to the world of literary fantasy. There are no settled periods in their history except those of exhaustion after defeat in war. Is there any time which one could look back to, if a German, and say: "It would have been nice to live then"? Perhaps the twenty years when Bismarck was Chancellor; and these were only a pause between two crises. Hence Hitler's "Thousand-year Reich"—an absurd longing for an endless, imaginary stability. Now the Germans have attained this stability in an unexpected way. They have got Nothing; and this is a form of contentment. There are no interesting books, no exciting ideas. They have the best-equipped theatres in Europe, and no plays to put on, except the Expressionist works of Brecht which are a generation out of date. They have no capital city; no statesmen but an old gentleman in his eighties; no army; nothing to boast of and, therefore, nothing to be sorry for. It often seemed during the war that the only solution for "the German problem" was that the Germans should cease to exist. And so they have. They are still there as "atomised" private persons, leading a quiet life, well-fed, prosperous, hard-working. But they are no worry to themselves or to anyone else. The best advice for everybody, including the Germans, is simply: don't give the Germans a thought, pretend that they don't exist. Maybe one day they will astonish us all. They may shake off the terrible legacy of Romantic ideas and come to their senses. We have failed to re-educate the Germans; but Time may do it for us. Then "the German century" will appear as a bad dream, which, indeed, it always was.

A. J. P. Taylor

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* *The German Scene.* By Edmond Vermeil. *Harrap.* 25*s.*

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In this large handsome volume, Sam Wanamaker analyses the theatre of Brecht, Arthur Miller writes on the American theatre and Harold Hobson on Samuel Beckett and Sybil Thorndike, J. W. Lambert, John Whiting, Charles Landstone, Cecil Wilson and other well-known personalities contribute articles and reviews of international theatre seasons. Forty-nine pages of magnificent photographs. 21*s*.

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Günther Rennert, Dennis Arundell, Charles Reid, Guido Gatti, Herbert Graf, and Edward Downes are among the distinguished contributors to this important book which contains reviews of international opera seasons, many articles on the operatic art, 40 pages of exciting action photographs on art paper and 9 lavish colour pages. The appendices include the repertories, artists and staffs of every known opera house and a list of operatic premières. 21*s*.

JOHN CALDER

Queen's House,
Leicester Square,
London, W.C.2

A Country Tale

She had endured so long a grief
That from her breast we saw it grow,
Branch, leaf and flower with such a grace
We marvelled at the summer place
Which set that autumn there. But oh
The softly, softly yellowing leaf.

She was enclosed in quietness.
There for lost love her tears were shed.
They stopped, and she was quite alone.
And so she made herself our own,
Her lack of all our precious bread.
She had no skill to offer less.

She grew into an island song
And died; they sing her ballad yet.
But all the simple verses tell
Is, love and grief became her well.
Too well. For how can we forget
Her radiant look when she was young?

EDWIN MUIR

A Transvaal Morning

A sudden waking when a saffron glare
Suffused the room, and sharper than a quince
Two bird-notes penetrated there
Piercing the cloistral deep verandah twice.

The stranger started up to face
The sulphur sky of Africa, an infinite
False peace, the trees in that dry place
Like painted bones, their stillness like a threat.

Shoulders of quartz protruded from the hill
Like sculpture half unearthed; red dust,
Impalpable as cinnamon softly sifted, filled
With heaped-up silence rift and rut.

Again those two keen bird-notes! And the pert
Utterer, a moss-green thrush, was there
In the verandah-eave, alert,
About to flit into the breathless air.

The strangeness plucked the stranger like a string.
"They say this constant sun outstares the mind,
Here in this region of the fang, the sting,
And dulls the eye to what is most defined:

A wild bird's eye on the *qui vive*
Perhaps makes vagueness clear and staleness new;
If undeceived one might not then deceive;
Let me," he thought, "attain the bird's eye view."

WILLIAM PLOMER

An Impressionist Portrait

G.M.: Memories of George Moore. By NANCY CUNARD. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s*.

Whatever the merits of his writing, George Moore has seldom been seen as an endearing man. The persona that emerges from his autobiographies often seems silly, that of the all-too-unconsciously comic figure. But Miss Cunard met him when she was a very small girl, at an age when his public fame and his achievement could have meant nothing to her; when he had, as it were, to succeed or fail with her simply as a human being. He was a constant visitor at her mother's country house at Nevill Holt, in Leicestershire: her mother, Lady Cunard, he adored. Men, one gathers, rarely liked him, and, indeed, one feels he would have been an odd fish in any purely masculine society; but he had a quite un-English appreciation of women and, it is plain, a wonderful way with children, with one child at any rate. This story of his friendship with Miss Cunard as a small girl is touching and delightful.

Friendship: clearly Miss Cunard as a child had no doubt that the relation between her and the middle-aged veteran of so many battles of art was just that. Perhaps, with a courtesy one must find moving if it was simply that, Moore played up to the child's notion of the relation between them. The remarkable thing is that the friendship survived. Grown up, Miss Cunard became the sharer of his confidences and memories, the recipient of his advice on art and poetry, and his tutor in the new and perplexing æsthetic theories and practice of the Twenties. Free Verse, Dada, abstractionism—he would, one guesses, have been as much outraged by them as any old buffer who knows what he likes, had not Miss Cunard been there at his elbow as their shining advocate. She made the difference; he was willing to be instructed by her, or at least to listen; and there is an admirable account of a meeting she arranged in Paris between him and the young Louis Aragon. "That young man looked like someone to be counted with and would probably go far. . . . To be articulate, said he, is not given to every young man; moreover, he was very good-looking." Aragon's reaction to Moore was, 'there was no other word for him but 'unique'".

Moore appears as a singularly disarming and most attractive figure. Miss Cunard renders him impressionistically, putting him at the centre of her picture, and deliberately blurring the background of the great house and the great Edwardian hostess. She has been so successful that one hopes now she will go on to evoke the total scene. A whole dead world is waiting to be brought to life again, and Miss Cunard is uniquely placed to perform the miracle.

As for her account of Moore, she surely falls into error once, in her story of the genesis of *A Mummer's Wife*. "Some town in the Potteries would make a good setting for the start. So he went there, to Hanley, and took Arnold Bennett with him." When *A Mummer's Wife* appeared in 1885, Bennett was a youth of eighteen, unknown to London, a clerk in his father's law office.

WALTER ALLEN

Our Sole Amphibian

Adonis and the Alphabet. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s*.

The distinction of Mr. Huxley is that he knows everything and that he is awake to the state of knowledge. He is a living encyclopædia, unique among our teachers in that he does not crush us with new facts, but leads us on to think of their relatedness. Have we considered how recently our knowledge of the past has been acquired? "Almost everything we know about paleolithic and neolithic man, about the Sumerian and Minoan civilisations, about pre-Buddhist India and pre-Columbian America, about the origins of such fundamental human arts as agriculture, metallurgy and writing, was discovered in the last sixty or seventy years." Have we thought about the state of musical knowledge? We speak of consciousness—but do we mean purely verbal consciousness? Have we noted its sluggish and somnambulistic character? Have we heard of the extraordinary extension of instant awareness which has been made possible by the tachytoscope? Have we understood why solitude is receding at the rate of 4½ kilometres a year, or what this may mean to the state of peace, charity and tolerance? Have we considered the changing human attitudes to filth and their reflection in politics and the arts? Or the possibility of an oral literature of long-playing records that will break the growing possibility of an economic censorship of the printed word? Mr. Huxley startles us by dropping new facts into our minds and engages us by counting the ripples. There is no more restless, unorthodox and precise inquirer. And if one objects to the novelty of some of his inquiries and to the occasional journalistic skid in the thought and prose, one finds a serious and unifying preoccupation in all collections of his essays. If he carries inquiry forward like a

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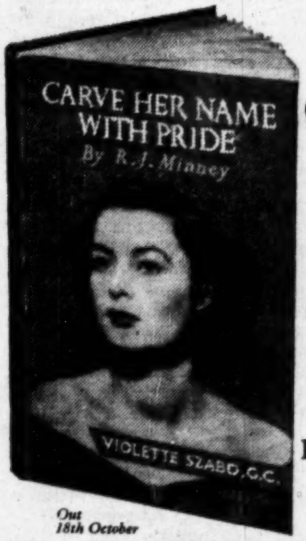

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Dance of the Trees
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The author's life has been a ceaseless struggle to defend nature from the encroaching desert. If forests are not conserved, he declares, the world will become arid. Already he is preparing the Sahara Reclamation Scheme, a plan to make fertile a desert greater in area than Australia.

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Book Society Recommendation

torch it ends very often by turning into a cross. Enlightenment is pain. The brain fears estrangement from the deeper fields of consciousness, yet to believe that these fields, these other mental selves, are beyond knowledge, would be betrayal. Man is a tragic amphibian compelled to work out a life for himself in more worlds than one.

The present collection of essays has the familiar precision, clarity and allusiveness; it has also the old brightness, the perverse touches, and the old disgusts. He remains ugly about sex and Swiftian about sanitation. The recurring attack is upon verbal consciousness: knowledge of other people's understanding is not the same, for us, as understanding, and can never lead us directly to understanding. Discussion, reason and argument are indispensable to knowledge, but "if we want to understand, we must uproot ourselves from our culture, by-pass language, get rid of emotionally charged neuroses, hate our fathers and mothers, subtract and subtract from our stock of notions." The argument is familiar. Detached, subtracted, Mr. Huxley is the sole contemporary amphibian to move in the elements of science, mysticism and art, without muddying one with the others.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Underwater Intelligence

Window in the Sea. By RALPH NADING HILL. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The Coast of Coral. By ARTHUR C. CLARKE. *Muller.* 21*s.*

Collins Pocket Guide to the Undersea World. By LEY KENYON. *Collins.* 21*s.*

The Marvellous Kingdom. By PIERRE LABAT. Translated by M. MICHAEL. *Odhams.* 15*s.*

One of Mayhew's London characters was a Happy Family Exhibitor who displayed in one cage 54 birds and animals of 17 different kinds, many of them carnivores living happily with, but not on, their natural prey. A scientific gentleman in Cambridge once persuaded him to leave them thirty-six hours without food as an experiment; "no creature was ever injured; but they were very peckish, especially the birds of prey." *Window in the Sea* tells how two Americans, one of them Tolstoy's grandson, planned to establish an enormous marine "happy family." Instead of handfuls of specimens in small separate tanks there would be a huge chunk of ocean, full of its natural fauna, isolated from the sea and observable through thick glass windows. Building the oceanarium on the coast of Florida was only the first problem; Tolstoy and his colleagues had also to invent a technique for anaesthetising sharks before they ruptured themselves fatally in their struggles to escape, and to find a chemical which, without harming the fish, would kill the algae that clouded the water and furred the windows. And the fish were extraordinarily vulnerable: filtering-pipes of the wrong metal made them sicken and die.

Ready October 9th

DEATH
ON THE
PRAIRIE

By

PAUL I. WELLMAN

Author of

The Female City, The Iron Mistress, etc.

Ruthless, savage and almost always unjust, the white man's subjugation of the American Indian was an unequal clash between the last vestiges of the Stone Age and the Machine Age. The thousands of forays, scuffles and battles; the war of the plains fought by the Dakota Sioux, a strong, intelligent and proud people. From the first terrible massacre in Minnesota in 1862 when the Sioux butchered 644 men, women and children under the leadership of Little Crow, the plains of the West were a battlescarred no man's land in which the Indian inevitably had to give way to his inexorable white opponent.

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE is an epic study of this savage struggle and a grim comment on the white man's treatment of the original Americans; it is a work of major importance, and includes reproductions of many photographs never published before.

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FOULSHAM

These problems were hardly solved when war came. The tanks were drained and the ichthyologists were put on to the nationally important job of discovering a shark-repellent to save the lives—or at least improve the morale—of crashed airmen struggling in tropical seas. The answer, when it eventually came, was surprisingly obvious: sharks loathe the smell of decomposing shark's flesh, and this stench can be synthetically simulated with little bags of copper acetate.

After the war the oceanarium got into its stride. The sharks were not too peckish, but the porpoises were understandably averse to them. The two species had to be separated. A porpoise, like a whale or a dolphin, is a mammal with an unexpectedly complex brain, while a shark, which outwardly lives a fairly similar life, is a fish and as stupid as a herring. The porpoises turned out to be playful, intelligent creatures, mischievously fond of teasing sedate turtles and groupers. Mr. Hill has delightful descriptions of their antics. They are too wayward and full of their own initiative to take easily to training, but once trained there seems no limit to the tricks they will perform.

But what do wild porpoises do with their brains? A life roaming the deep might suit meditation (whales, I feel, should make good philosophers), but it offers few opportunities for less profound intelligence. And porpoises are too shy for the free-diver to have much chance of watching their behaviour. I once wasted an afternoon south of Falmouth vainly trying to dive within underwater sight of a school of them. They were no less shy of Arthur C. Clarke off Jervis Bay, in New South Wales, but he was lucky enough to hear their high-pitched grunts, which act like bats' squeaks as an echo-sounder to warn them of any obstacle or intruder—in this case a science-fiction writer swimming after them with a camera. They were almost the only creatures that he failed to photograph. Farther north, diving on the Great Barrier Reef, the main subject of *The Coast of Coral*, and among the pearl-divers of Thursday Island, he took excellent pictures, many of them in colour, of sharks, barracuda, and manta-rays in the clear waters of that jungle of living stone. He writes well and modestly, with due deference to science and without too much extra-terrestrial analogy. The publishers have allowed a generous quota of colour plates but, alas, no map.

For those tempted to dive in less exotic waters, *Collins Pocket Guide to the Undersea World* can be recommended with one reservation. It contains everything that a beginner wishing to dive or spear fish in the Mediterranean could wish to know: good advice on equipment, a chapter on photography, descriptions of fish (but of no other marine life) with drawings in colour by the author, a survey of archaeological work and agenda, addresses of clubs and so on. All this is excellently done. But Mr. Kenyon's publishers have embarrassed him by claiming that he is "perhaps the most experienced British diver" and offering his book as a guide, not only to the hospitable Mediterranean but also to British waters. Unfortunately he does not appear to have dived in them. He has done a great deal of useful research, but he can offer no practical advice drawn from experience of the tidal currents, murky water, and bitter cold which prevail under our seas. Anyone who feels like venturing on serious diving in this country would do better to turn to Captain T. A. Hampton's *The Master Diver.*

In France even the Sea Scouts are doing it. Pierre Labat, a diving Scoutmaster, has written an apparently fictional story (illustrated with confusingly factual photographs) about a group of Scouts who did their best to drown themselves with gear home-made out of inner-tubes and old hot-water-bottles in their attempt to conquer the Marvellous Kingdom. One is saddened, but not surprised, to learn that one of them drowned, and that the author himself has since been killed. The excitement of this adventure is wrapped in a peculiarly French *mystique* and obscured by being translated into an uncouth no-man's-language, somewhere between English and French, which many boys who would otherwise enjoy the story may find too difficult to follow.

RICHARD GARNETT

New Novels

The Bright Prison. By PENELOPE MORTIMER. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Some Corner of an English Field. By DANNIE ABSE. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Sort of Beauty. By JACK REYNOLDS. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

Remember the House. By SANTHA RAMA RAU. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Nineteen-Fifties begin to take shape. A soggy, fitful decade in which nobody has any background and middle-aged people who remember the Twenties have to be restrained from jumping up and exclaiming: "But this is where I came in!" Novels that are truly of the period are likely to be uncomfortable.

All four books in the present batch are fiftyish in varying degrees. Let me begin with Dr. Abse and Mrs. Mortimer, whose stories are set at home. *Some Corner of An English Field* is an episode in the life of Henderson, a young doctor who is doing his national service in the R.A.F. at a non-flying station. He has been having one of those desultory affairs with Sarah, wife of Wood, his senior officer; he meets Marion, a Bohemian lost girl camped precariously in the local town, and begins to take an interest in her. About to be posted, at the farewell do in the mess, he makes a rambling speech about the sickness of our internal reality and its symbols, and is very nearly scragged afterwards. Later, while he is paying Sarah a reluctant farewell in her bedroom, Wood returns and dies of a heart attack, perhaps not altogether necessarily. This is an occasion, not uncommon in cases of novels by manifestly intelligent and talented writers, for that maddeningly equivocal verdict: very nearly very good indeed. Something has gone wrong, but I am not sure what, in the characterisation.

Mrs. Mortimer is very skilful, very promising. She tops the difficult hurdle of the second novel with a clean pair of heels. *The Bright Prison* is a tour-de-force. Its opening atmosphere is so heavily charged that it reminds you of one of those superior suspense thrillers in which the baby-sitter turns out to be something unmentionable. In fact, it is perfectly straight and unmelodramatic. It is the story of a crisis, touched off by a chain of entirely probable minor accidents, in the marriage of Mark and Antonia Painton, a faintly Hampsteady professional couple on whom their "children had imposed . . . their own discipline and routine. They took it for granted that they should get up at seven and that their diet should consist largely of porridge, stewed apple and chocolate biscuits". The first accident is Mark's failure to turn up at the children's party; Antonia, left to cope alone, is exposed to the charm of David, a documentary film-director, father of one of the

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guests. The affair, which nearly develops between them, is fostered by the illness of one the children and Mark's impulsive carelessness. The problem which Mrs. Mortimer has tried to solve is one of conscientious realism: how, while keeping strictly to the true facts of life and the way it is lived by these characters, to make a fuss about nothing turn into something crucial, one of those nodal points after which nothing is ever the same again. She has very nearly succeeded—at the expense of taking some liberties with Antonia, whose behaviour is not always in character.

A Sort of Beauty is a first novel, I think; if so a distinctly promising one. It is a tragi-comic story about a young Englishman's infatuation for a Siamese prostitute. Reggie Joyce, literary and self-conscious, son of an Anglican country parson, in love with his brother's wife, goes out to Bangkok to work for an English firm and, after a successful business start, devotes himself to the intensive study and cultivation, for that is what it really amounts to, of Vilai, alias the White Leopard, hostess at the Bolero dance-hall, and Number One Bad Girl of Bangkok. We learn almost everything about her, including her drill with the depilatory tweezers. She is rather a pathetic little cash-register of a person, but Reggie, who tells his story in the first person, is so anxious to mock himself and to spotlight the farcical side of the situation that it is a little difficult to comprehend her sexual fascination. Mr. Reynolds writes well in an educated colloquial style; his incidental reporting of the modern business man's life in Bangkok is fairly copious.

Remember the House is the story of a few months in the life of Baba, a well-to-do twenty-year-old girl, westernised and sophisticated, living with her rather old-fashioned father on Malabar Hill in Bombay. She becomes fascinated by a young American couple, and spends a lot of time with them, especially with Alix, the wife, an enthusiast for India. The crucial incident, when Alix's husband kisses Baba at a bathing party, is heavily tea-tabled; the revolutionary effect which it is supposed to have on Baba's emotional life is unconvincing and the consequent disappearance of the young American couple from the story rather disconcerting. But the value of the book, which is quite substantial, depends on its documentary quality; as a picture of a particular stratum of Indian society, the Bombay smart set, uneasy despite independence, it is vivid and instructive. There are some good minor characters, notably a deliciously effete Maharanee. Baba herself has charm and wit and a fine eye for detail.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,388

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation between the brothers Light and Home Programme commenting on all the fuss being made about little brother Third's tenth birthday. Prose (150 words) or verse (14 lines). Entries by October 16.

Result of No. 1,385

Set by Later Alligator

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt (limit 12 lines) from that epic of jive, *The Rock 'n' Roller's Saturday Night*.

Report

What would a jive *epic* be like? Perhaps the word was rather a red herring; and certainly none of the entries suggested that they had been torn from a *Presleiad* or *Haleid*. Deliberately (this report, by the way, is going to be written in Standard English) no set form was demanded. Rock 'n' Rollin' need not be described in the beat of rock 'n' roll, though many played it that way. There was the Kipling of Jim Parrott—

> We was singing in the seating and swinging in the aisles,
> And kicking at the coppers in smart and fancy styles:
> We were hep up in the gallery, but hepper in the street
> When they swung us through the swinging doors and trod upon our feet,
> We rocked the Black Maria, and we rolled until we cried,
> And "Later Alligator" was the first to go inside!

and the *Hiawatha* of Harry Broadbent—

> Deftly donned his draughty drainpipes
> Pedalled promptly to the Palais . . .
> Jumped and jerked in jungly jivings
> Thumpa thumpa thumpa thumpa
> Bonked a Bobby on the boko . . .
> (Will someone kindly extricate me from this groove before I go MAD?)

Brian Abbs provided the sociological comment—

> Pepsi-Cola Rock 'n' Roller-causes-helluvaboo-but-when-the-Debs-start-jivin'-what-the-Plebs-gonna-do?

Two guineas to Brian Thorpe (in spite of doubts about the propriety of bop) for what he calls his "hep-packed stanzas"; and a guinea and a half each to J. E. Hinder and A. Holgate, who showed that even such disparates as the Cotter and the Jiver can be brought together if the beat is insistent enough. (A. Holgate's lines, by the way, were "written in class after a lesson introducing recommended magazines.") Commended: Tom Haggitt—

> . . . I got my "twelves" on Cutie,
> Come an' exercise your pelvis,
> I'll be your Elvis Presley in the real Rock 'n' Roll . . .

and Ivanhoe, Vera Telfer, Coal Porter.

THE ROCK 'N' ROLLER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Come on, this way, Alfie, this is where we go;
Sammy's savin' seven seats right in the front row:
Lots of lovely leg-room for us to thump our feet,
Blimey! 'ere we go, boys, dig that crazy beat!

'Ere! 'ere's a flippin' lark, boys, 'ow much will yer bet
That I don't go an' cut a rug wiv that smashin' usherette?
My razor 'gainst your slim jim—right! someone save me seat
—Care to shake it up, miss, dig that crazy beat?

'Ello, 'ello, goodbye, miss, didn't see you were a cop:
Just came over social-like, to see if you would bop;
But won't you tell me, please, miss as I 'urriedly retreat:
'Ow is it you can simply pound, not dig, that crazy beat?

BRIAN THORPE

You c'n lose them Banks 'n braes o' bonny Doon, sez Jeannie Armour
If you can't stay in the groove, boy, then I'll leave you for a farmer:
Just a gaelic rock 'n' roller who's a solid jivin' cotter,
Who c'n rock me round his cot until the brass can't get no hotter.
So quit bellyachin', buster, 'bout that cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
Or some other guy 'll get me, baby, an' I know at least he
Won't be truckin' after vermin when the beat just sends me crazy;
You're a no-good square, get lost, son—yeah, go pick yourself a daisy,
An' let me rock—
Around the cot—
Sat-ur-da-a-y ni-i-i-i--ght!

J. E. HINDER

It's Saturday night and the moon is high,
And here comes a cotter rockin' through the rye,
There's a blue-lit cottage in the glen,
And living down there is a cat called Jen,
They dance all night and wear out their shoes,
To a rock and rollin' tune called the bagpipe blues,
They bop all night as the bagpipe lilts
In long drape plaids and drainpipe kilts,
Then on the door there sounds a knock.
It's Jenny's bloke who's come to rock.
They rock and roll the whole night through
In a crofter's cottage where the lights are blue.

A. HOLGATE

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City Lights

Cozening the Investor

Stockbrokers could have loved Mr. Frank Cousins in the glorious boomtime eighteen months ago, when the whisper of a wage claim was enough to push share prices higher. Now they mutter crossly about Savings Certificates and point to the latest pair of half-yearly company statements—Imperial Chemicals (turnover up, net income 15 per cent. down), Associated Electrical (turnover up, trading profit 20 per cent. down). It is Lord Chandos who calls Mr. Cousins in to address the Institute of Directors. From the market's point of view, many equity yields look low if profits and dividends are not to rise, many reasonably sized yields look doubtful if there is a possibility of profits and dividends falling. There is a comforting glow about the high, safe income offered by fixed-interest investments—government securities, local authority stocks, and issues like General Electric's new 6 per cent. 20-year loan stock. At the moment, certainly, few people are hoping for any general recovery in equity prices until the gilt-edged market has picked up a little.

And the gilt-edged market shows little sign yet of picking itself up. While equity investors nervously reckon up the chance of Mr. Macmillan's squeeze succeeding, gilt-edged investors are afraid that it may fail. The gold reserve dropped as sharply as everyone expected last month, by $125m. if one ignores the $177m. brought in from the sale of Trinidad Oil. It is true that pressure on the £ has eased during the past week or two, but the Continent still has its eye on Mr. Cousins.

The banks, having burnt their fingers badly already, are not at all anxious to increase the size of their investment in gilt-edged. A couple of months ago, it seemed possible that Mr. Macmillan's powers of persuasion might do the trick. There are, admittedly, only two short-dated stocks at the moment which yield as much as Treasury bills, but both are held in large quantities by government departments and could be sold to the banks without putting money into private pockets or much affecting the price of other gilt-edged stocks. The banks began to nibble, until Colonel Nasser intervened. Now they are sticking to Treasury bills.

The government can hardly be happy about it all. The banks are not infinitely suggestible, and this sizeable mass of liquid assets inevitably reduces their anxiety to keep down the level of advances. At the same time, their aversion from investing in gilt-edged makes it more difficult to cope with the lengthening queue of borrowers and to sell securities in any quantity to the general public. It is difficult to see quite what can be done. It is rather late in the day to introduce a system of legal ratios or bring back Treasury deposit receipts. An assault could no doubt be mounted against bank liquidity over the turn of the year, but the banks will hardly be persuaded to fund their bills on any scale until bill rate begins to come down. Bill rate cannot be allowed to fall very far until it is possible to consider reducing Bank Rate, and the Chancellor may be tempted to postpone his problem until next spring. Then, provided that the wage claims are not too fierce, the newspapers may start discussing the need for a small reduction in Bank Rate to keep up investment.

Small investors may not worry too much about these details. If they pay little tax, the gilt-edged market offers them a high, safe return; if they pay surtax, it offers them a fair-sized capital profit. Some of them are beginning to trust the Chancellor with their money.

Taurus

The Chess Board

No. 360. Choice of Evils

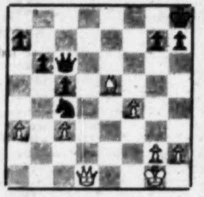
To choose the lesser may be easier said than done, but before enjoying one of those excellent endgame analyses periodically published by Euwe in *Schachecho* a preliminary digestion of this relevant Grigoriev-study may be indicated: /16/K6p/16/4k3/Kt7/8/; White to draw. A lone Kt, obviously, is particularly hard put against a RP which is, indeed, unstoppable once it has been allowed to advance beyond the 6th. Now let's see (merely in the main variation), how cleverly Grigoriev's Kt exploits the tempo-gains available by checks. (1) Kt-Kt4!, P-R4. (2) Kt-B6!, K-K5. (3) Kt-R5!!, P-R5. (4) Kt-B4, K-B6! (5) Kt-K5 ch, K-Kt6. (6) Kt-B4!, P-R6. (7) Kt-K3! etc. Here now—Ivkov-Taimanov, Belgrade 1956—is the position reached after Ivkov's excellent (28) P-QKt3. /2r5/6pk/5p1p/p3p3/2ktKt4/1PR5/P1P3PP/2K5/. With a P-ending, a R-ending or a Kt-ending to choose from, Black first had to consider the evil consequences of (28) . . . P x Kt. (29) R x Kt, R x R. (30) P x R, K-Kt3. (31) K-Kt2!, K-B4. (32) K-Kt3, K-K5. (33) K-R4, P-B4. (34) P-B5, K-Q4. (35) K-Kt5, and White would win just as easily as in the case of Black choosing the R-ending (28) . . . P x Kt. (29) R x Kt, R-Q1. (30) K-Q2, K-Kt3. (31) K-Q3, and the QP would be doomed. Hence, the lesser evil was the Kt-ending which seemed to offer prospects of a tenable position after (28) . . . Kt-Q3. (29) R x R, Kt x R. (30) Kt-B6, P-R5!. (31) P x P, K-Kt3. (32) P-R5, K-B2. (33) P-R6, K-K3. (34) P-R7, Kt-Kt3. That's how far Taimanov had considered it and that's how the game went, with this sequel:

(35)	Kt-Kt4	K-Q3	(37)	Kt-Q5!	Kt-R1
(36)	P-B4	K-B4	(38)	Kt-K3	

Once again Black was in a quandary since the obvious attempt to counter the White Kt's threat of marauding among the K-wing pawns was doomed to failure by say, (38) . . . P-R4. (39) K-Q2, P-Kt3. (40) K-B3, P-B4. (41) Kt-Q5, P-Kt4. (42) P-R4, P-K5. (43) P-R5! K-B3. (44) Kt-K7 ch, etc. Hence, what with the Kt's inability to stop the advanced RP once it got his K's support, Taimanov's last hope—even though it proved equally futile—was a desperate attempt to activate his own Kt by relieving it from its onerous sentry-duties. Hence, 38 . . . K-Kt3.

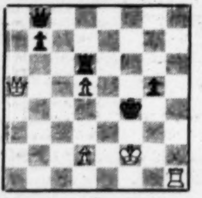
(39)	Kt-B5	K x P	(46)	K-Q2	K-Q4
(40)	Kt x P	Kt-Kt3	(47)	Kt-B5!	Kt-B6 ch (Kt x P?)
(41)	P-Kt4!	Kt x P	(48)	K-K2	Kt-Kt4
(42)	Kt-B5	P-K5	(49)	P-R6	K-K4
(43)	Kt x P	Kt-K4	(50)	K-K3	resigns (since he is helpless against (51) Kt-Kt3.
(44)	P-R4	K-Kt3			
(45)	P-R5	K-B4			

A: F. Marshall 1905

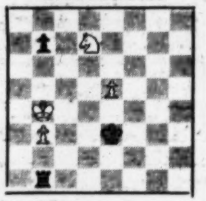


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black hoped to win a P by his Q-sacrifice on KKt7. He did win the P but lost the game. Why? **B** is a classic and easy enough for 6 ladder-points if I add the useful hint that it involves the capture of the Black Q. **C** is also a win for White and not too difficult, I hope, for 7 points.

B: A. A. Troitzky 1897



C: R. Reti 1928



Usual prizes. Entries by October 15.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 357. Set September 15

A: (1) R-Q7, B-B4, (2) B-B7 ch, K-Kt2, (3) Q x B, etc.

B: (1) B-B3! R x P, (2) B-Kt4, R-R8, (3) P-B7, R-QB8, (4) B-Q2 ch, etc. If (2) . . . R-K4 (R7), (3) B-Q6, etc.

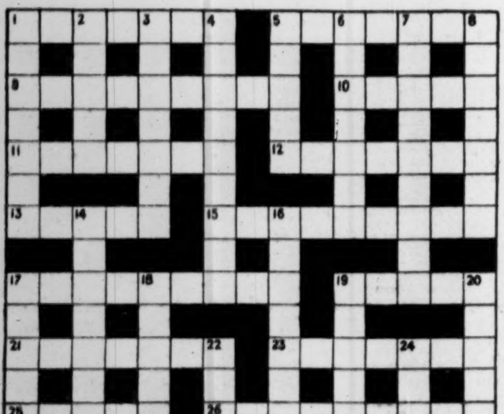
C: (1) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1! (2) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (3) B-K8, Kt x P, (4) R x P, Kt-Kt5!! (5) B-B7! B-K1!! (6) K x Kt, B x B, (7) R-KR6! B-Q4, (8) K-B5, B-Kt2, (9) K-Kt6, etc.

Not an altogether easy lot; even so too many correct solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by E. Allan, A. E. Harris, J. Mitchell, C. Sandberg, C. Sansom.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword No. 219

Prizes : Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 219, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 16.



ACROSS

1. Unfavourable: include its opposite if you want to make a recommendation (7).
5. Court attendant, not her dancing partner (7).
9. The historian makes the great man a spot ahead of us (9).
10. A linear device (5).
11. The bird flew before everyone got back (7).
12. Playwright who shows Sir Thomas about to speak false (7).
13. "The spirit of the time shall teach me ——" (*King John*) (5).
15. Cautious bids spoilt in a whirlpool (9).
17. Pianist with a range second to none (9).
19. Gentlemen taken aback about a number of female garments (5).
21. Biographer who makes the smell grow (7).
23. Foreigner with a Russian at heart (7).
25. "I am ——, I contain multitudes" (Whitman) (5).
26. Put back in again, starting with the decomposed entrails (9).
27. Had ambitions like a good Arsenal man (7).
28. Pen-rest in the form of a reptile (7).

DOWN

1. Sticks advertisements around this place (7).
2. The corrupting influence of ancient man on us (5).
3. Coloured and interwoven (7).
4. Mixed centre and filled with delight (9).
5. The heart of society in prosperous times (5).
6. Friend on the left in law (7).
7. For this employee trade is about to finish (9).
8. Foreigners look for a negative rising (7).
14. It sounds as if the downfall of woman is to listen in (9).
16. Pleasant features are the last word with Italians (9).
17. Plant a high ball on an essayist (7).
18. Animal with eggs on the climbing grass (7).
19. Poet writes in the middle of deserts (7).
20. Celebrate the cancellation of service in sportswear (7).
22. Enticed Liberal, Conservative, and Socialist (5).
24. The cross I value (5).

Set-square

Solution to No. 217

V	I	R	A	G	O	■	S	H	E	R	W	O	O	D
I	■	U	■	O	■	■	■	A	■	A	■	R	■	A
V	E	N	D	O	R	■	C	R	O	P	P	E	R	S
I	■	N	■	S	■	■	■	D	■	E	■	G	■	H
S	T	E	V	E	■	B	R	I	M	S	T	O	N	E
E	■	R	■	S	■	A	■	C	■	■	■	N	■	D
C	O	U	N	T	E	R	P	A	N	E	■	■	■	■
T	■	P	■	E	■	S	■	N	■	M	■	M	■	T
■	■	■	■	P	R	E	S	U	M	P	T	I	V	E
T	■	C	■	■	■	T	■	T	■	H	■	S	■	S
H	A	L	F	C	A	S	T	E	■	A	S	S	E	T
E	■	I	■	H	■	H	■	■	■	S	■	P	■	A
M	A	N	D	A	R	I	N	■	D	I	R	E	C	T
E	■	I	■	R	■	R	■	■	■	S	■	N	■	O
S	O	C	R	A	T	E	S	■	L	E	T	T	E	R

Prizewinners to No. 217

P. C. Jinks (Leicester), B. E. Rooke (Highgate, N.6), A. G. D. Simpson (Singapore).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LONDON County Council. Posts of Special Responsibility. Note. The allowances shown in all advertisements for posts of special responsibility are under the present Burnham Report (except where otherwise indicated). All such allowances are subject to review as from 1.10.56, when the provisions of a new Burnham report take effect. No undertaking can be given by the Council that allowances advertised before 30.9.56 will be available after 31.8.57. Deputy Headship, Sedgehill Secondary School, Sedgehill Road, Lewisham, S.E.6. Headmaster, J. E. Brown, B.A. A new secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls, opening September, 1957 (13 form entry). Deputy Headmistress required April, 1957. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial special allowance (probably in region of £450 a year under 1956 Burnham proposals). There will be provision for academic courses, some leading to General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels), and courses in preparation for advanced studies in engineering and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Forms EO/TS10 (Sedgehill) from and returnable to Education Officer, EO/TS10, County Hall, S.E.1, by October 12, 1956. (1847.)

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations in English. This pensionable post in the Commission (London) will become vacant in January, 1957. Selection by interview in October. Candidates must have a good Honours degree, preferably in English. Good teaching experience in University, schools, or further education is desirable; examining, interviewing, or administrative experience an advantage. The duties include critical examination of draft papers, control of marking, and maintenance of standards from Ordinary level to Final Honours; also administrative work in recruitment to the Civil Service, interviewing, and talks to schools. Originality in ideas and methods of testing English will be looked for. Starting salary up to £1,310 according to experience and present salary; present maximum £1,630. These salaries under review following the Royal Commission. Teaching or F.S.S.U. service may be preserved for superannuation. Five-day week, five weeks' leave. Promotion possibilities to about £2,000 or to administrative work. Application forms and full information from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, W.1, quoting No. 4630/56/7. Application forms should be returned by October 15, 1956.

MARKET Research. Applications are invited from women between the ages of 30 and 40 for a post of Supervisor in the Field department. The successful candidate will be required to work as an interviewer for several months before assuming supervisory responsibilities. She must reside in the London area but be prepared to be away from home frequently. Good education, sound health and a pleasing manner and appearance are essential qualifications. Apply in writing, giving full details to: Personnel Officer, British Market Research Bureau, 51 Grosvenor St., W.1.

THE Research Laboratories of The General Electric Co., Ltd., North Wembley, Middlesex, have a vacancy in their Statistical Services Department for a Male Graduate with some scientific or engineering background. The work includes experimental design and analysis, quality control, teaching and management statistics in the laboratories and factories, and requires considerable patience and tact. Opportunities will arise for publications and attendance at professional meetings. Apply in writing to the Staff Manager (Ref. RLO/101) giving full particulars of experience, qualifications and age.

RISCA Educational Settlement. Applications are invited from fully qualified women for the post of Crafts Tutor at this centre for Adult Education. Salary: Burnham Scale. Superannuation. Ability to teach a wide variety of crafts essential. Previous experience with adult groups desirable. The post is a most congenial one for a person with wide interests who enjoys the society of other people. Further particulars and form of application available from the Warden, Oxford House, Risca, Monmouthshire, to whom the applic. form should be returned by Oct. 15.

FAMILY Service Units are already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with "problem families" to many other parts of the country. Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details by writing to 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

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REPRESENTATIVE wanted who has contacts to market patented automatic lubrication device for use with compressed air driven appliances (hammer drills, mechanical picks, etc.). Box 7592.

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STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

SWITZERLAND! Mothers' Helps & Domestics reqd. for attrac. posts. Essential some knowl. Fr. & Ger. Duma-Burnett, 8 Bleicherweg, Zurich & 77 Dean St., W.1.

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WOULD Jean Rhys or anyone who knows her whereabouts please get in touch with Sasha Moorsom, Features Dept., B.B.C., in connection with future Third Prog. broadcast of "Good Morning Midnight."

MAJORCA, beautiful house mountains, close sea for 3 or 4 from Oct. 1. Modern conveniences, 4gns. weekly, less long tenancy. Excellent cook available. Also lovely small house available Oct. 15. Morell, Serra 5, Soller.

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PERSONAL—continued

CLOTHES Market, home-made produce, china, antiques, toys, books (period, French, children's, etc.), conjuror, coffee, snacks, teas. U.N. Refugee Fair. Sat., Oct. 20, 11-6 p.m. Congregational Hall, South Grove, Highgate Village.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

PRINCES. TEM. 6596. 7.30, Th. & S. 2.30. Variety Theatre of China. Ends Oct. 20.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), St., Sn. 5 & 8. "The Children's Hour." Mems.

UNITY EUS. 5391. "Hold the Line" a Soviet Farce Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. The Maxim Gorki Trilogy. Until Oct. 7: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorki" (A). From Oct. 8: "My Apprenticeship" (U).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Oct. 7, 6 days. Man Who Loved Redheads (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre. South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat. Oct. 6, Ed. G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, "Scarlet Street" (A). Dir. Fritz Lang. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to pub.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Sunday Afternoon Programmes of Art Films at 2.30 and 3.45 p.m. October 7, 1956: Versailles Palais du Soleil; Gospel of Stone; Guernica. October 14: Vezelay; Ad Dei Honorem; Demoniac in Art; World of Paul Delvaux. October 21: Patterns of American Rural Art; Medieval Dutch Sculpture; Affaire Manet; Legend of St. Ursula. October 28: Van Meegeren's Faked Vermeers; Third Dimension; St. Paul de Vence.

MAJLIS Mela (Indian Fête) songs, dances, Indian food, exhibit., arts & crafts. Symposium: "Problems of econ. & scient. developt. in India." Speakers: P. M. S. Blackett, Joan Robinson, Oct. 6 & 7, 11 a.m.-10 p.m., Holborn Hall. CHA. 4644.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres. Yehudi Menuhin): (1) Music and Songs of China; by Musicians of Variety Theatre Company on Sun., Oct. 7, 7.30 p.m., at Imp. Inst., S. Ken (2) Music & Dances of India-Pakistan on Sun., Oct. 14, 7.30 p.m., at Overseas House, St. James's. (3) Classical Music of India, by Ravi Shankar (Sitar) & Chatur Lal (Tabla) on Tues., Oct. 23, 8 p.m., at Conway Hall. Inf. re Membership open to all from A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

PAGEANT of London. Empress Hall. Saturday, Oct. 6. Harry Pollitt. Doors open 6.15. Tickets from 2s. 6d. at door.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

AUSTRIANS, English, French, Germans, Italians, Swiss and many other nationalities meet at Club Europa, King's Court Hotel, Leinster Gardens, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Dancing every Sat. & Sun. 8-11.15 p.m.

JIVE Sessions at Tynegate-Smith Studio, 15 Baker Street, W.1. WELbeck 7007. Sats., Suns. 8ish-latish. This Sat. Port Louis Jazzmen: singer—Marian Amies. Sun., Sonny Monk and his trad. band.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Oct. 6, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Telemann, Scarlatti, Haydn, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat., Oct. 6, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed., Oct. 10, at 5.45 p.m. Pierre Cochereau—Organ Recital. Prelude & Fugue in B minor, Bach; Symphony No. 2, Vierne; Improvisation on submitted theme. Tkts.: 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Song Recital. Joyce Harwood (mezzo), Robert Sutherland (piano). Haydn, Brahms, Wolf, Hindemith, Sibelius. Thurs., Oct. 11, 8.15. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191

ISRAELI and Hebrew songs by 80 voices of the Zemel Choral Society, also by The Ramblers, and pianoforte recital of Chopin and Bartok by Miss Eve Fisher. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, Thursday, Oct. 11, at 7.45 prompt. Tickets 5s. to £1 1s. from Felix Heilpern, 3 Mayfield Gdns., N.W.4 (HEN. 1854). Tickets may be avail. at the door.

RAVI Shankar, India's leading Sitar virtuoso, accompanied by Chatur Lal on Tabla, in two Sitar recitals, Friday, October 12 and Wednesday, October 17, at 8 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Tickets: 3s. 6d., 6s. & 10s. 6d., available from India Arts Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2. TRA. 6465.

VIOLIN & Piano Sonatas played by Jan Sedivka & Diana Merrien. Mozart 454, Brahms G, Eugen Suchon (1st perf.). Tues. next at 8. R.B.A. Galls., Suffolk St., S.W.1. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

ANOTHER Invitation Concert by The Kynaston Pianoforte School (Leschetizky method) at Wimbledon Town Hall, Thursday, October 18, 7.30 p.m. Programmes from 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Sun., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters, 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARIN. Exhibition of paintings and water-colours; Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Oct. 20. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

GANYMED Reproductions of Braque's Les Pêches and Nature Morte, originals showing at the Tate, obtainable there or at printsellers or 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

BRAQUE. An Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tue., Thur., 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. Paintings by Richard Butler.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Edmond X. Kapp, H. Inlander and L. Bassingthwaighte. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paul Feiler; Christopher Wood; & Lithographs by Raoul Dufy. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 27.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Merlyn Evans retrospective 1927-1956. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Jack Smith: Paintings. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Charles Burton. Sept. 26-Oct. 13.

IMPERIAL Inst., S. Kensington. Exhibn. of Paintings by Durga Lall. Until Oct. 17. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings, drawings and sculpture by William Scott. Until October 26.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leic. Sq., W.C.2. Recent paintings by Myrta Fisher, Asphodel Fleischmann, Malcolm Hughes. Also memorial exhib. of Elizabeth Watson.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Philip Sutton; Sculptures by Austin Wright.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 25 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Recent paintings by Marek Zulawski. Sept. 25-Oct. 13. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W.1. Samuel Avery, Wilfred Avery New ptgs.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Albert Gleizes 1881-1953. 64 Paintings-Gouaches-Drawings. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings by Harry Weinberger. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until Oct. 7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

I.C.A. Gall., 17-18 Dover St., W.1. New Paintings by John Hultberg. Until Oct. 17. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closed Sun.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Christian Church & the Communist State—can they co-operate? Open meeting, German-British Christian Fellowship, Dick Sheppard Hall, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square. Wed., Oct. 10, 6 p.m. Speakers: Prof. H. J. Iwand, (Bonn); Rev. Charles West, (Bossey). Chair.: Bishop of Chichester. Adm. free.

MARGARET Knight, "Intellectual and Emotional Beliefs," Oct. 7, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Questions after lecture.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Oct. 10, 7.30. "Industrial Democracy & Social Ownership," Bob Edwards, M.P., 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

"DIE gegenwärtige Entwicklung Ostdeutschlands": Dr. Harold Poelchau, Sozialpfarrer von Berlin. Tu., Oct. 9, 8 p.m. German Y.M.C.A., 368 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Admission free.

FRED Hoyle, M.A., "The Time Scale of the Universe," 7.30 p.m., Fri., Oct. 12, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Chair.: Prof. Hermann Bondi, M.A., F.R.A.S.

"CONWAY Discussions," Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 7.15 p.m., F. C. Sondhi (Vice-President Hindu Association of Europe). "The Essence of Hinduism." Adm. free. Collection.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Autumn Lectures 1956. Present-day Foreign Furniture and Its Setting." Tuesdays at 7 p.m. October 9: Italy—Lecturer: Germano Facetti. October 16: Denmark—Lecturer, Frank Guille. October 23: Modern Architecture—Lecturer: Rolf Helberg.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Oct. 12, 8.30. John F. Randerson: "Stonehenge," 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "Du Jansénisme à la Morale de l'Interêt" will be given by Professor M. Raymond (Geneva) at 5.30 p.m., on October 10, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The lecture will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., Oct. 11, 8.15 p.m. Sociology: Dr. Peter Scott: Gangs and Delinquent Groups of London. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

NEW Forces in a New Age, a Symposium. Oct. 7, Dr. Harold R. Allan: Atomic Energy; Oct. 21, Dr. L. E. C. Hughes: Automation; Nov. 4, O. R. MacGregor: The Social Effects. Hampstead Ethical Society, Barclay House, 783 Finchley Rd. (near Regal, Golders Grn.), 7.15.

FABIAN Soc., N.W. Region. Dr. Rita Hinden, "Twentieth Century Socialism," 3 p.m., Sat., October 6, Labour Party Rooms, Lancaster Rd., Preston. Admission 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (PARk 7379.) Fri., Oct. 5, 8 p.m. T. Zinn, M.A. (Westminster School), "A School Trip to Russia." Fri., Oct. 12, 8 p.m. Hon. R. Hare, "Gorky."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., on Oct. 13. Mr. Victor Mollo: "Bridge—the only universal language."

DR. J. L. Talmon, M.A. (Author "Origins of Totalitarian Democracy") will deliver the inaugural Hillel Foundation Lecture—"The Nature of Jewish History—Its Universal Significance". Wednesday, October 17, 8 p.m., at the Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College, Gower St., W.C.1. Chairman: Viscount Samuel.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Free Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m., Oct. 7: "Desire for Freedom." Oct. 14: "Mental Hygiene." Oct. 21: "The Soul Knows No Barriers." Oct. 28: "Good & Evil." Prog./literature on request.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, W.C.1 (5 mins. Victoria Stn.), Wed., Oct. 10, 6.30: Special Public Meeting to celebrate the Opening of our magnificent New Premises. Christmas Humphreys, Ronald Fussell. Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s. 9d post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday, Oct. 7. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse: Rev. Claud Coltman: "Cyprus."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

INTERNATIONAL Forum. Welcome to men and women from other countries now living in London. We invite you to join us in discussions and entertainment in the Co-operative Hall, 180-198 Upper Tooting Road, S.W.17, on Thursdays, 7.30 p.m. October 11: "In Britain Today," by Christopher Mayhew, M.P. October 18: "The Londoners," by Freda Corbet, M.P. October 25: "Our Co-operative Movement," by William P. Watkins, B.A. November 1: "Our Co-operative Society," by John Corina. Admission free. Full information from Mr. George Durham, Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

"CHRISTIAN and Churchman." Course on Anglican life and discipline, Sundays, 8 p.m., starting Oct. 7. St. George's, Bloomsbury Way (University Church), Austin Farrer, Hugh Bishop, C. R. Colin Stephenson, etc. Other services at 8 & 9, H.C.; 10.30, M.P.; 11 Sermon; 11.30 H.C.; 7.30 E.P. Detailed programme from Secretary, 6 Gower Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 5572.

TAKING Stock—the British Co-operative Movement since the War and prospects for the future. Series of six lectures, Wednesdays at 7.30, commencing October 10, Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Speakers: John Corina, John Gallacher, Jack Bailey, R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A., Harry Afford, Dr. J. B. Jefferys. Admission Free. Details from Secretary, London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee, 202 Well Hall Road, S.E.9.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures Modern Materials and Design. Course of ten weekly lectures, Tuesdays at 7.15, commencing October 9, in Room 11, Friends House, Euston Road. Details from Secretary, London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Cttee., 202 Well Hall Rd., S.E.9.

LEARN a Language this Winter. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lesson, sent gratis, post free. Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mans., Wigmore St., London W.1. WEL. 1411.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"NON-Violence & Social Change." A series of 8 lectures by Gene Sharp at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, on Fridays, Oct. 12 to Nov. 30, at 7 p.m. Adm. free. Collection. Syllabus obtainable from 12 High St., N.W.3.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, October 15 to December 5. Particulars from the Director, Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. (KNIghtsbridge 6835.)

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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ACTORS! Students! A new Studio Workshop specialising in individual tuition in the creative method is opening in London. All interested please write for details: Sec., 3a Clareville Grove, S.W.7.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P., on "Thoughts on Socialist-Communist Relations," in October Labour Monthly. Also: "G. D. H. Cole and Unity" (James Klugmann); Labour Discussion Forum Announcement; "Why this Suez Madness?" by Ivor Montagu, etc., etc. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

75 years old, "The Freethinker," wages war on superstition with youthful vigour. Thoughtful, stimulating. 5d. p.w. (30s. yr.). 41 Gray's Inn Rd. W.C.1. HOL. 2601.

NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

YOU want to be an Artist? Why not learn the hard way . . . Dante-Leonardo. "The Beatific Vision," Derek I. Orbach. 2nd Folio Visual Aesthetic. 14in × 10in, 4 pp., 2 plates, 2s. 6d. post free (gladly refunded if dissatisfied). Folio Publications, 19 Kensington Pk. Rd., W.11.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

SCHOOLS

PINEWOOD, The Manor, Bradninch, Exeter. Nursery & Kindergarten groups—home for entire charge or short stay. Elizabeth Strachan. Hele 390.

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